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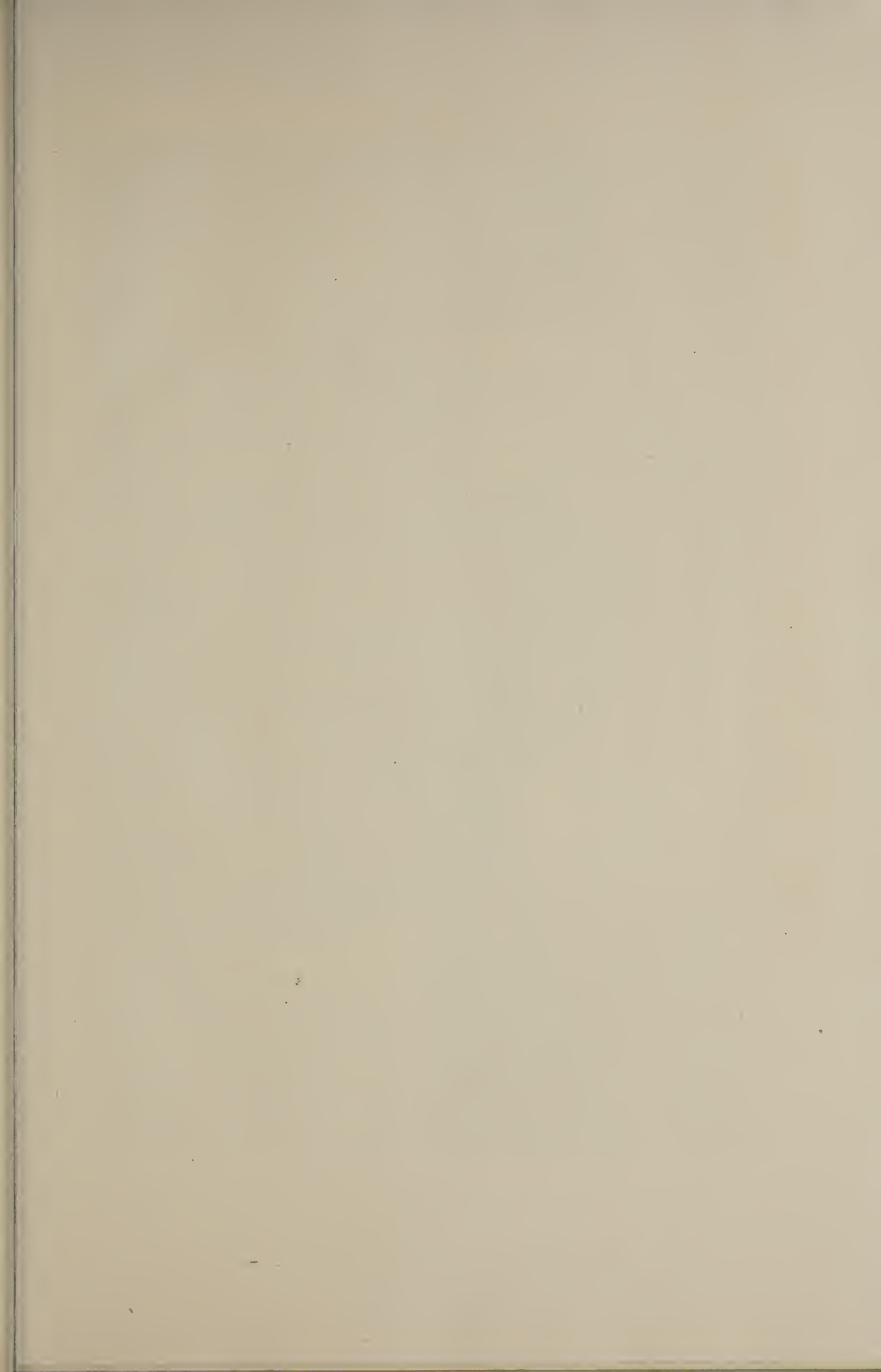
Maine Memories

Portland Ships are Good Ships

*The Isles of Casco Bay*











- H.G. JONES -

OLD FISH WHARF, BAILEY ISLAND



# *THE ISLES OF CASCO BAY*

*In Fact & Fancy*

By HERBERT G. JONES

*With Pen & Ink Sketches by the Author*



JONES BOOK SHOP

*Longfellow Square*

PORTLAND, MAINE

1946

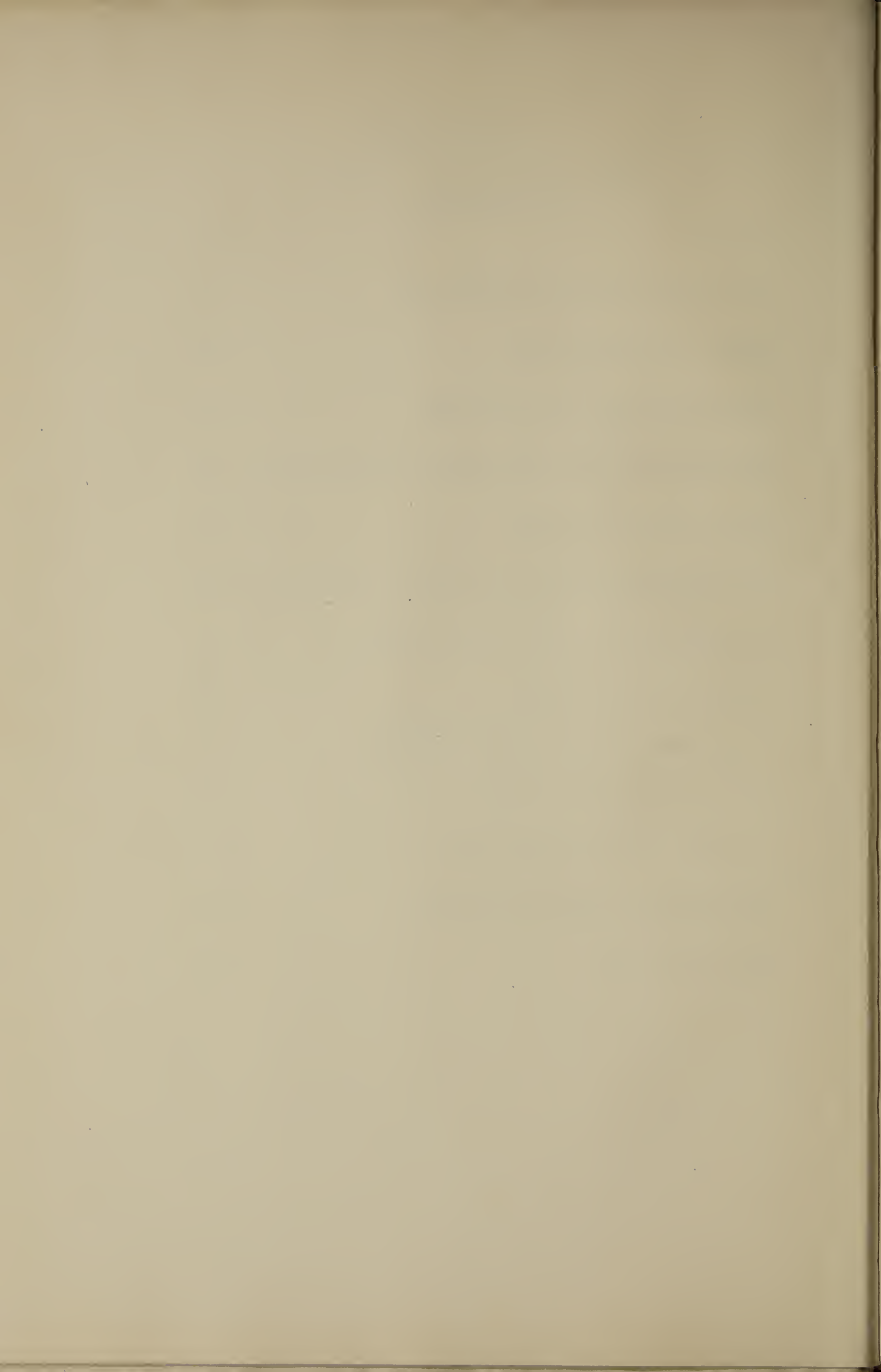
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## Preface

EVERYBODY, *I'm sure, loves an island! The very word "island" conjures up in one's mind visions of adventure, romance, and happiness. "Give me an Island above all things in this world" said Robert Louis Stevenson, and on an island in the South Seas he spent his declining years and died.*

*Of all the majestic views that Maine has to offer to the visitor — and there are many — the one that seems to excite the most admiration and lingers longest in his memory, is the isle-studded waters of Casco Bay. Poets have mused, and painters have rhapsodized over its scenic grandeur, and, it is safe to say, there is no body of water anywhere of equal extent, which has so many islands of equal beauty.*

*Fanciful legend has it, that there are as many islands in Casco Bay as there are days in the year, a statement more poetical than truthful, for actually they number but 222 of varying size, from the largest — Great Island, five miles long — to the intriguingly named but insignificant rock, Punkin Knob.*

*However each island has its instant charm, its own definite personality; and each has its own fascinating story to tell, of historical romance, legend, and tragedy. Yet, the probable truth is that hardly a person of the many thousands of happy visitors who habitate them each summer — or of the islanders themselves — has even a cursory knowledge of the historical and romantic glamor that enshrouds them.*

*It might be added too, that a very noticeable and lamentable lack of appreciation of this whole island region exists among Maine historians, for this most fascinating subject has received but scant attention from their pens. Consequently, the colorful*

## Preface

story of the islands of Casco Bay, how they pioneered, settled, and flourished, has yet to be adequately told.

*These few pages, I hasten to assure my readers, do not affect to be a complete and profound history of the islands; rather a notebook of a vagrant lover of the island scene. While it of necessity contains a certain amount of historical record obtained from such meagre sources as are now extant, it is primarily concerned with the unusual, and little-known facts, and the rich pageantry of romantic tradition and folklore that hovers about these islands.*

*"Local tradition," I am well aware, is anathema to the historical purist who thrives only on fact and nothing but the fact; but I confess, I prefer to ascribe to the Chinese theory. They have a simple way with history. They admit to the record a likely legend or a bit of folklore as readily as a truth proved by dated document or sculptured monument. After all, mere fact can become very dull, and legend and myth warm and human. Apropos, to quote the great philosopher and novelist, Santayana "all history itself is myth."*

*For help and guidance in the preparation of this book, I am deeply indebted to Sister Mary Regina, long an enthusiastic summer resident of Great Chebeague Island. My heartfelt thanks also to the Librarians of the Portland Public Library, the Maine Historical Society, and the Gannett Publications for their courtesy and untiring service. Grateful acknowledgement is due too, to William H. Rowe for kind permission to glance at the writings of Samuel Rummery.*

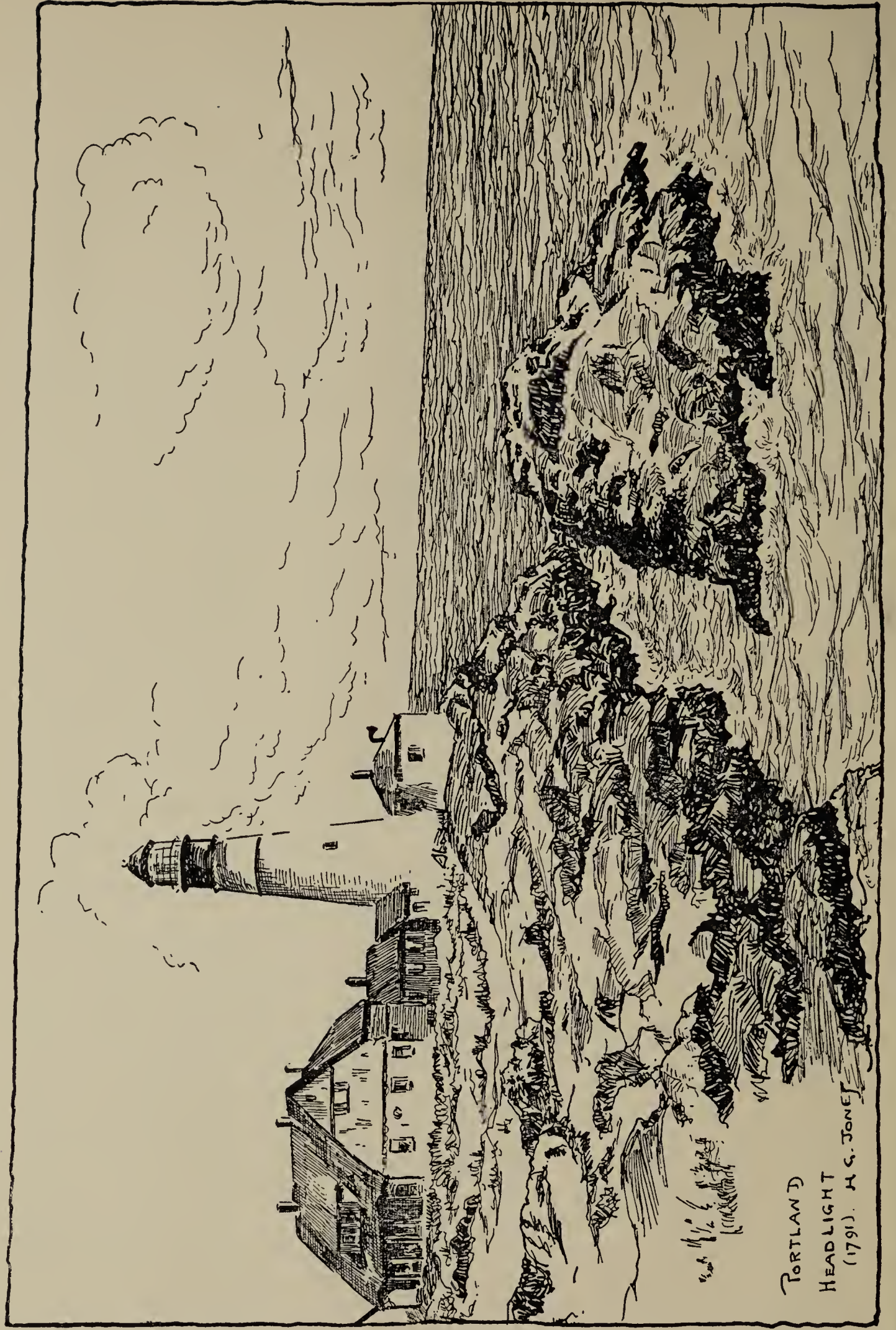
*The Author.*

*Portland, Maine.*

*May 1946.*



*The Isles of Casco Bay*



PORTLAND

HEADLIGHT

(1791). H. G. JONES





## Casco Bay — Its Gem-studded Waters

DURING the glamorous age of world discovery — the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — it was Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, who first sailed Westward Ho! He believed that the world was round and that if he sailed away to the west he would finally reach India across the Atlantic Ocean.

After two months and nine days, battling not only with stormy seas, but with his own crew who, in fear of the unknown often wanted to turn back, he landed upon an island, San Salvador, which he believed was a western outpost of India. Other islands were soon discovered so he named them the West Indies and their inhabitants he called Indians. And all the native red men of America have been called Indians ever since. Columbus never knew he had really found a new continent — the Americas — and died convinced that he had successfully found his goal — India.

By a strange twist of fate too, we actually owe the discovery of Casco Bay and its isle-studded waters, not as we might think to the quest of new worlds to conquer, but to the popularity of a patent medicine!

It seems that the ailing old ladies and gouty gentlemen of Bristol, England, had great faith in the beneficial

qualities of sassafras as a cure-all for rheumatism and almost every other ill. There must have been quite a scarcity of the herb over there, as a group of Bristol apothecaries commissioned a Captain Pring to sail to the New World in search of some. He ultimately found his way into the eastern end of the Bay and anchored in the vicinity of Sebascodegan Island at the mouth of New Meadows River where he established his headquarters. This was in 1603, anticipating the Pilgrim Fathers by seventeen years.

He was delighted — as is every newcomer — with his discovery of Casco Bay “in which there are many islands, two outlets to the sea, many good harbours and a greater store of fish and oysters, lobsters and crabs.”

Famous travelers who come to Casco Bay for the first time never fail to acclaim its beauties. Charles Joseph Latrobe, an Englishman who had journeyed much in Europe and who had visited every part of America wrote in his book: “The Bostonians make a terrible noise about the beauty of their bay comparing it with Naples. Most travelers must feel disappointed with it. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found in the unsung and neglected Portland scenery, which for variety, beauty, and extent far exceeds every view of the class in the United States. The panorama upon which the eye feasts from the Observatory is equalled by nothing in America.”

The name Casco is derived from the Indian word Aucocisco which some authorities say means a resting-place, while others claim it signifies a heron or crane. The Bay itself stretches for a distance of twenty miles between Cape Small Point, near historic Fort Popham on the east, to Cape Elizabeth just south of Portland.

Between its outer points the Bay reaches into the mainland about 12 miles and its coastline is indented with rivers and notched by 122 coves. A lighthouse at Halfway



Rock marks the center of the Bay's outer border. The island-dotted waters of the Bay cover an area of approximately 200 square miles.

Geologists say that this was once the mouth of the Androscoggin River and that the sandy inner islands were built up of sediment brought down by the stream and deposited upon the jutting reefs. Finally blocking up its entire mouth in this fashion, the river eventually deviated to its present channel joining with the Kennebec at Merrymeeting Bay.

Casco Bay is said to contain more islands than any other body of water in the United States, just exactly how many depends in a great measure on the definition as to what constitutes an island. Poetical fancy has given rise to the popular belief that there are as many islands in the Bay as days in the year. This is no doubt based on an early English report published in 1700, naming the islands the Calendar Isles. "Sd bay is covered from storms that come from the sea by a multitude of Islands, great and small, there being (if report be true) as many islands as there are Days in a Yr."

By official State count however there are actually but two hundred and twenty-two, "big enough for a man to get out and stand on." And of these, only one hundred and thirty-eight have sufficient acreage to be classified as good-sized islands. Besides those counted, there are of course, innumerable rocks and ledges, shoals and "knobs" — so many in fact, that the eastern end of the Bay is considered one of the most difficult sections of the entire coast to navigate.

Upon the larger islands there are many summer colonies, summer hotels, and the villages of year-round inhabitants, most of them fishermen. Steamers, ferries, small motor and sail craft ply the channels that weave among these many islands, most of which are heavily

wooded with wild cliffs and crescents of smooth white beaches.

Single islands were generally named after early settlers, and very few of them have retained their original designations. A few names however attest to the originality and imagination of these early pioneers — as for example such intriguing farmyard names as Lower Goose and Upper Goose, the Goslings, Sow and Pigs, Ram, Cow, Horse, Little Bull Ledge, Big Hen, and Little Hen, Dog's Head, Turnip, Gooseberry, Clapboard, Goose Nest, Junk of Pork, and Pound of Tea, so named they say because that was the basis of a swapping deal made by a canny fisherman.

One wonders too, at the circumstance, or whimsy, that gave birth to such unusual titles as Ministerial; the exciting Bold Dick; the enigmatical Burnt Coat; and the suggestive Rogue.

The islands usually are divided into three groups or ranges and all have the same general direction as the long peninsulas on the northeastern side of Casco Bay. The inner range which is nearest to Portland comprises the following:

Inner Range: Mackay's, The Brothers (2), Ten Pond, Clapboard, Sturdevant, Basket, Cousins, Little John's, Lane's, Moges (2), Crab, Bibber's, Silver (4), two unnamed.

Middle Range: Hog or Diamond (2), Cow, Crow, Knob, Chebeague (2), Crow, Irony, Goose Nest, Little Green, French, Whaleboat (2), Goose (2), Goslin (2), Shelter, Birch, White's, four unnamed.

Outer Range: House, Cushing's, Ram, Peaks, Pumpkin Knob, Overset, Marsh, Long, Stepping Stones (3), Hope, Crotch, Jewell, Sand, Outer Green (2), Broken Cave (3), Bates, Ministerial, Stave, Little Bangs, Stockman's, Whale Rock, Haddock Ledge, Mark, Eagle, Up-



per Flang, Horse, Birch, Haskell, Turnip, Jaquish, Bailey, Orr's, Sebascodegan, Pond, Ram No. 2, Cedar (6), Elm (2), Ragged, Bold Dick, White Bull, Little Bull, Sisters (2), Mark No. 2, Brown Cow, Gooseberry, Wood (2), Burnt Coat, Jameson's Ledge, Lower Flag, Horse No. 2, Malaga, Bear, Rogue, one unnamed, Jenny's, Yarmouth, two unnamed, Pote, Hopkin's, Bateman's, Long No. 2, three unnamed.

The frequent repetition of some of the names of the different islands is to say the least somewhat confusing. For example there are to be found no less than four Green Islands; three Ram Islands; three Mark Islands; and three Sister Islands; besides many instances of two islands bearing the same name.

The Bay is also as remarkable for its peninsulas as for its many islands. Between the sheltered waters of Fore River and Back Cove, at its western extremity, extends Casco Neck, covered by the City of Portland. At the eastern end, the long, narrow peninsula of Harpswell stretches out some eight miles into the quiet waters, flanked by many islands. At this end the islands cluster thickest, and the mainland reaches out many fingers, between which creeks and inlets and tidal rivers extend far inland; and the shore is fringed with picturesque "Points."

Many of the islands have communities of native-born who spend part of the year catering to the whims of the "summer-folks" but who fish almost exclusively in winter. To them a man's boat or the day's catch are still matters of supreme importance. And always their greatest pride has been in good ships and good men to sail them. While not entirely isolated, the islands are inaccessible enough so that many of the old ways of life have been retained.

While a few of the choice smaller islands of the Bay have been purchased or leased as private estates for sum-

mer residents, the majority of them are practically uninhabited except perhaps for the occasional visit of a lobsterman or fisherman.

In the early days farmers from the mainland used them as pasture lands for their sheep herds or swine. Until quite recently on Rogue, Ram, and Jenny Islands, in the Harpswell section of Casco Bay, large flocks of sheep grazed — relics of colonial times when on every island wool-growing supplemented fishing in the economics of the islands. Some of these islands, curiously enough, were in their early history, prosperous and thriving settlements, only to meet misfortune and ultimate abandonment later.

Such an example is Birch Island, so named for its one-time abundance of silver birch trees. Its first occupant was Walter Merriman, ancestor of all the Merriman name in Harpswell and its vicinity. Several years after his arrival on the island a flourishing colony sprang up and the island wilderness soon became a little community of well-cultivated farms and comfortable homes, supporting a school of forty-eight pupils.

In 1849, however, nearly fifty years after the inception of the settlement, most of the farmers abandoned their fields and orchards to join the Californian gold rush. Today yawning cellar-holes and gnarled old apple trees scattered about the island are all that is left of the once prosperous little settlement. A Portland newspaper commented: "For those who have nothing better to do it may be very well to go to California, but honest industry will prosper best at home."

During the Indian wars, a sentinel was stationed on the steep hill on the west side of the island, and with the approach of the red men by water, a signal was given to the lookout at Harpswell who spread the alarm which



warned the settlers to take refuge in the blockhouse on nearby Shelter Island.

The two most conspicuous objects which greet the visitor, as the little steamer swings out into Casco Bay, leaving behind the busy traffic of Portland's waterfront, are the interesting and formidable looking old forts — Fort Gorges and Fort Scammel. The former built on Hog Island is supposed to guard the upper entrance as well as the main ship channel, as is Fort Scammel, yet neither fort has ever fired a gun in its defense, nor ever served the purpose for which it was built. Fort Scammel, the oldest of the two, which stands on nearby House Island, occupies the site of an old blockhouse erected by the United States Government in 1808. In 1812, the fort was modernized, the wooden structure taken down and granite walls replaced the logs and earth. Seventy embrasures were constructed ready for the cannon that were never mounted in the fort. It was named for Col. Alexander Scammel who was a friend of General Henry Dearborn of Maine, then Secretary of War.

During the War of 1812, it was used as a prison for captured British soldiers and there is a graveyard just outside the building containing the bodies of forty soldiers. All the graves are unmarked except one, which bears the following inscription:

*In memory of William Hogart who died May 9, 1822.*

*He was a brave soldier and an honest man.*

For many years after the fort was abandoned by the government an eccentric character by the name of Uncle John Norwood took possession, in company with the hordes of rats that swarmed over the place. He was familiarly known as the Hermit of House Island.

Fort Gorges, named after the first proprietor of Maine,

Sir Fernando Gorges, was begun two years before the Civil War. Even then its future uselessness was predicted as is shown by the name it received. It was called "Davis's Folly," the Davis being the Jefferson Davis who was then Secretary of War and afterwards became the head of the Southern Confederacy. The Civil War and the successful bombardment of Fort Sumpter and the coming of armored warships proved that the type of forts such as Fort Scammel and Fort Gorges was obsolete and no longer worthwhile. For many years they were favorite playgrounds for curious young people who rowed to the islands in boats and clambered through the many dark dank passages and eerie chambers.

And far out to sea, guarding the approach to the islands like a watch-dog guarding its young, stands the lonely sentinel, Halfway Rock Lighthouse so called because it is midway between Portland Head Light and Seguin Light. Its seventy-six-foot tower was completed in 1871 and it appears to rise abruptly from the water as its rocky base barely shows above high tide. At the eastern approach to the Bay stands the Seguin Light, the highest light above the sea on the Maine coast. It stands on an island off the mouth of the Kennebec. The original thirty-eight-foot tower was built in 1795, during President Washington's administration. The present tower (1857) fifty-three feet high, stands one hundred and eighty feet above high tide.

At the other end of the crescent-shaped Casco Bay is the famous Portland Head Light, the most photographed lighthouse perhaps in the country, but not the oldest on the Atlantic coast, as is so often stated. The Boston Light has that honor. Portland Head was built in 1791, the oldest on the Maine coast, and its white conical tower rises one hundred and one feet above the water.

There was no more ardent and devoted lover of the island scene than the poet Henry W. Longfellow. From his little bedroom window in the "red house on Congress Street" in Portland, Maine — now a shrine — he could see:

*The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
and islands that were the Hesperides  
of all my boyish dreams.*





- THE OPEN SEA AT BAILEY ISLAND -

## Bailey—the Deacon's Isle

*First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't:  
If she will do't, She will: and there's an end on't.*

NOW history may have been a dull enough subject in our school age, yet as a study it can be a fascinating hobby. How often, for example, do we read, in the shape of things past, where the exercise of a woman's will, perverse and unpredictable as it may be, has motivated and influenced the stream of momentous events.

We know now that Mark Antony might never have lost his empire had he not succumbed to the perverse wiles of Cleopatra. Then too, if the haughty Isabella of Spain had not fallen to the charms of a pale and earnest dreamer, Columbus might never have reached his pinnacle of fame in the discovery of America.

All of which brings us to the happy conclusion, that the lovely spot in Casco Bay, which we now know as Bailey Island, would have undoubtedly carried for all time the rather incongruous and euphuistic title of "Will's Island" had not the capricious and determined will of a young Puritan bride destined otherwise.

Now "Will," or to give him his full name Will Black, so-called from the swarthiness of his complexion, was what might be termed an itinerant hobo-trader, who early in the eighteenth century, had beat his way up the Maine coast from Kittery looking for a likely place to build a shack for himself and wife. He certainly couldn't have found a choicer place than Bailey Island, covered as it then was with a rich forest growth and inhabited only by a few friendly Indians.

Thereupon Will immediately "squatted" on a delectable tract of land near Mackerel Cove, the first white man to settle on the island. Under the ancient "law" of



so-called "squatter's rights" he ultimately took full possession of the entire island, and duly incorporated the transaction in the Harpswell court, under his own name, after having fulfilled the legal requirements of "twenty years of quiet possession."

Monarch of all he surveyed, so to speak, Will and his wife were very pleasantly and comfortably situated, and very evidently quite disposed to eke out the rest of their earthly existence on his island in undisturbed peace. But unfortunately for Will his happiness was short-lived for an ambitious Puritan lass deemed otherwise. She was Hannah Curtis, of worthy Puritan lineage, who became the second wife of Deacon Timothy Bailey in their native town, Hanover, Massachusetts, in the year 1743.

Soon after their marriage she, through influential friends, got him appointed as deacon to the small but flourishing parish of North Yarmouth. She too, which is not surprising, cast a covetous eye upon the charms of the then-named Will's Island, as a very desirable location for a permanent home in which to settle down with her deacon-husband. And the problem of a squatter, so snugly and legally ensconced, proved no obstacle to a "woman's will" as history duly records the rather uncharitable truth, that she drove him off the island "lock, stock and barrel."

The discomfited Will apparently had no stomach for fight against a female's irate will, and forthwith removed himself and belongings across the narrow strait of water which separates Bailey from Orr's Island. He then calmly proceeded to "squat" on the latter place. But time, and perhaps marriage, as it sometimes will, considerably chastened the lady's wrath for we read that the erstwhile squatter was the first white man to be buried on Bailey Island. And Will's place, despite events, remains secure in history for the little passage of water

across which he beat so hasty a retreat, is referred to this very day, as "Will's Gut."

Bailey Island is far famed for its rugged loveliness, and it would be impossible to imagine a more ideal place for a bridal home than the exquisite surroundings of Mackerel Cove. And there it was that Deacon Timothy Bailey, for whom the island is named, built a log cabin from the abundance of pine growth on his estate. Nearby was a refreshing spring of cool water that bubbled up through the sandy soil. And among the wealth of interesting and romantic legends that pervades Bailey's history is one concerning this famous spring.

To the Indians, it was a gift of the Great Spirit of their race. They called it the Great Spirit Spring, and it is told that Mingo the Indian chief in his old age returned to the island so that he might be buried near this wonderful spring of his forefathers.

The good Deacon and his wife took him into their home and nursed him through his last sickness. Before his death, the aged chief exacted the faithful promise of his benefactors that the particular place where he wished to be buried would never be divulged, as many of his people had been laid there to rest before him. The promise was faithfully kept and to this day the old Indian burial-ground has never been actually located, although there is a Mingo's Cave in the neighborhood which perpetuates the memory of the Indian chief.

It was not long after the coming of the Deacon to the island that other settlers were attracted and soon there sprung up a small community composed mainly of fishermen-farmers. Many of these engaged in the cutting of cordwood and shipping it to Boston, Salem, and nearby ports; meanwhile the Deacon saw to it that the spiritual welfare of his flock was not neglected. He was steadfast in the firm belief that, as "each Captain must have his



Bible, so must every sailor put his trust in God so that his light will shine before him."

He arranged for the conducting of services by visiting preachers, and the following is related of one enthusiastic parson whom he had invited to his island home. Raising his hands in fervent benediction the visiting parson exclaimed to the Deacon: "This Island on which you have built your home of prayer is like the origin of your name — 'Ballium' a rampart. Truly it is like a sheet anchor. It will hold like God's Truth."

However, life in those days on Bailey was still pretty primitive and barren. True, the islanders had their church services which were held in a small unadorned frame building, but they could boast of no school for the education of the young.

So the Deacon duly took it upon himself to collect the sum of £5 from his parishioners for that worthy purpose. The first schoolmaster to be appointed was an Irishman by the name of Sullivan. While he was reputed to have been a fine teacher, he had the reckless and unfortunate habit — when the "spirit" moved him — of closing up school for a week at a time for the purpose of indulging in drunken sprees. And it may, or may not, come as somewhat of a surprise to the folk of Bailey Island that "pork-barrel" politics were not entirely missing from the early life of their island, for notwithstanding the kindly and benign influence of the good Deacon it was actually voted in after years that the school fund should be appropriated towards paying the expenses of the selectmen!

It has been observed by many interested visitors to our state that Maine is rich, almost beyond expression, in the preservation of a goodly number of old mansions and houses — a subtle blending of the old and the new. Looking at these venerable structures even today, one is so impressed with their quaint beauty and substantial com-

fort that it seems but natural that such homes should have produced sturdy men and women of sterling quality.

There are a few, but only a few, interesting houses still left to us on the island, to remind us of much that is surely and irrevocably passing away:

*Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man.*

And it is interesting to read of the old-time ceremony that was attached to the building of houses and barns in those days. It was always the center of interest in the community and when the day came for the "raising," as it was called, of a new abode or barn, it was considered a general holiday. Invitation was passed by word of mouth and all ages turned out to help with the work and enjoy the bountiful supply of supper provided by the new builder.

The huge timbers for the frame were prepared in advance, and the strength of many hands aided with pic-poles and shores hastened the timbers into place amid the cheers of the workers. A "raising" was always a gala affair and not infrequently the mug and pitcher were passed too often for the feet to guide the workmen steadily home. Familiar is the old adage:

*Framed in wet weather, and raised in dry,  
I hope the owner will never lack corn or rye.*

A definite link with this early period still standing on Bailey Island is the so-called "Gardiner" house built in 1818. It stands back from the road at the northern end of the island, and in the rear is an ancient well. It was built by Thomas Merryman, who married the Deacon's daughter Sarah. The timber came from the ruins of his father-in-law's first log house and the rooms were unique-



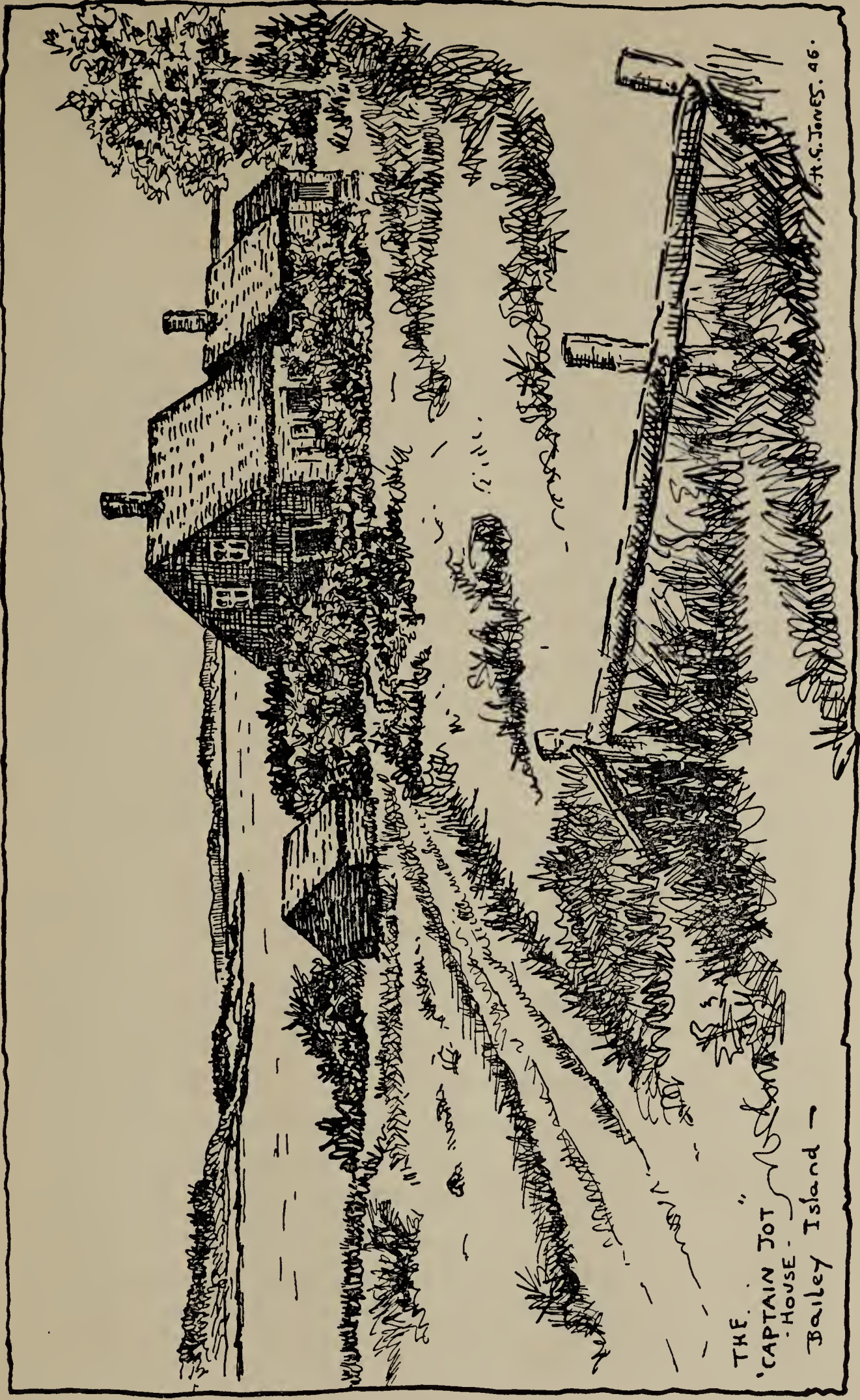
ly plastered with lime made from crushed mussel shells brought from nearby Pond Island.

Of far more interest is the "Captain 'Jot'" house, perched on the crest of a hill not far away. It dates from 1763, and was built by Captain Roduck Johnson under most romantic conditions. It reads like a wondrous legend, yet it may be good honest fact. Captain Johnson at the time was a young island sea-captain and on one of his many trips to the West Indies lost his heart to a lovely slim olive-skinned beauty who was born in Aquilla, St. Martin's Island, of French-Dutch parentage.

In paying her court, this dashing young captain captivated the young maiden with tales of his adventures in the Mediterranean, the Azores, and many far-off lands. And, as might be expected, he told her of the beauty and charm of his own beloved island, a gem in the blue waters of Casco Bay. The inevitable happened and soon she left the tropical island, in all her bridal finery, as the bride of the island captain. He had meanwhile built a home for her on the northern end of Bailey, and while it commanded a magnificent view of the ocean, of other habitations nearby there were none. It was deep winter, when the island surroundings are at their bleakest, so it is hardly to be wondered at that the fragile foreign-born girl pined for her southern home and nearly perished from homesickness. While the love-romance might well have ended in tragedy its culmination was felicitous for the young woman remained with her captain-husband, mothered a large family, and became one of Bailey's noted pioneers.

The Sinnett family like the Johnson is one of the oldest on the island and has a remarkably interesting story to tell. Michael Sinnett, the ancestor of all the island Sinnetts, was born in Ireland in 1730. While a young man of twenty-one he, accompanied with a youth of his own





THE  
'CAPTAIN JOT  
-HOUSE -  
Bailey Island -



age, went to Dublin for a holiday, and while strolling along the wharves sightseeing they were lured on board a vessel lying at the pier. They soon discovered themselves, as were some others, "shanghaied" by the unscrupulous captain of the ship and were carried off to Boston to be sold for their passage money.

It so happened, that Joseph Orr, the pioneer settler of Orr's Island, needing help on his farm attended the "sale" and chose young Sinnett as being the sturdiest and most promising of the group and took him back home with him. Young Sinnett, after working the allotted time to recompense Orr for his passage money received his freedom and purchased a small farm on the mainland. Later he married into the Orr family.

A further misfortune attended him some years afterward while at work alone on his farm. A pressgang from a British man-of-war looking for likely recruits captured him and he was carried off in their vessel to New York, then occupied by the English. There he was forced to join the army of Redcoats and marched to Quebec. He served in the siege of that city and other Canadian battles until 1763, when peace was declared.

After his discharge at the close of the war Michael made his way on foot through the Maine wilderness to his home on the Sheepscot River. His wife, not knowing what had become of him, had long mourned him for lost and had returned to her father's farm on Orr's Island. One night—so the story goes—while she was milking in the barn, she felt a hand tenderly laid on her shoulder and looking up found her husband smiling down at her. It was a happy reunion after all the sorrows and dangers through which they had passed. Shortly afterward Michael Sinnett bought thirty acres of land from his father-in-law and settled down on Bailey Island for the remainder of his life.

The little settlement on the island suffered acutely with the coming of the war with the English in 1812. The Embargo Act put in effect by Thomas Jefferson was bitterly opposed by the islanders led by a rather militant parson, the Reverend Samuel Eaton of the Harpswell church. Whenever he preached on Bailey, it is claimed, he would always open his services with the following prayer:

*O Lord, thou has commanded us to pray for our enemies, so I will commence with Thomas Jefferson, if he is not already beyond the reach of mercy!*

Hostilities with the British kept the whole of Casco Bay in a state of great anxiety. There were many alarms and reports of enemy ships off the islands thought to be bound to an attack on Portland, as they did in the Revolutionary War. To guard against English soldiers being landed at the eastern part of the bay, temporary fortifications were erected on Harpswell's Neck and at the end of Bailey Island.

On one occasion while the young men of Bailey were defending their country on the mainland, an enemy vessel appeared in Mackerel Cove. The women of the island hurriedly dressed themselves in their men's clothing and with what makeshift weapons they could find dispersed among the thick growth of trees bordering the cove, making as much "pow-wow" as possible. Two old men who were the only members of their sex left on the island met the invaders at the wharf and told them that the woods were full of armed men and to disembark at their peril. The ruse worked and the enemy at once withdrew without further ado.

The order was given by the American commanders of the forts forbidding anyone to pass in a boat after sundown, without hailing the little garrisons and being rec-



ognized. A few fishermen plied their craft regardless, considering the order the height of cowardly foolishness until one of their number lost his life by being fired upon.

One member of the Sinnett family, James Sinnett, then a young man of twenty-three, was out fishing one day with two younger brothers. They saw a large vessel approaching which they thought to be an American. They hailed her and asked her name. The reply was that she was the *Essex*, an American man-of-war, and they received an invitation to visit the American ship. Once aboard, however, they were hustled into the captain's cabin and curtly informed that they were prisoners aboard His Britannic Majesty's ship *Rattler*, and that no harm would come to them. It was the young men's smack that was wanted.

A crew of men were put aboard the Sinnett boat and sent out to reconnoiter the coast. The island boys were kindly treated and well fed and at the end of a week were discharged with their sloop, none the worse for the adventure.

As the war dragged on leaving Bailey Island particularly exposed to danger from enemy cruisers which were hovering about the coast, all the able-bodied men who resided on the island were put under the command of Capt. James Sinnett and kept guard night and day. On one occasion they noticed a little coaster which they recognized as belonging to David Johnson, of Bailey, heading for home closely pursued by an enemy ship. To avoid capture Johnson drove his little boat into shallow water where the big vessel could not follow him, with the result that the British commander manned a barge to continue the pursuit.

As they came into Water Cove the crew of the barge prepared to board the sloop, and Captain Sinnett sent a man to hail the British boat. "We will give you a rea-

sonable time to leave," the messenger shouted, "or we will sink your boat." Upon this the commander of the barge withdrew without further ado, not waiting to be fired upon, although probably little damage would have resulted from the single antiquated cannon on the island.

The vicissitudes of war must have exacted a heavy toll from the inhabitants, economic and otherwise, for a few years later, in 1836, the entire settlement had been reduced to "ten dwellings, houses of fishermen," according to Willis's *History of Maine*. "The face of the island," he writes, "is fair and adorned with some trees although the soil is not of the finest, and the shore rocky."

Could this historian have but foreseen the future of Bailey he would find that this same rocky shore is accounted among the island's greatest assets. Rocky and irregular as this shore may appear from the deck of a steamer, even a sameness of view, yet each rock is lovely in its own way; each has an individuality and its own personality. To the entranced visitor "Pinnacle Rock," "Thunder Hole," "Profile Rock," and the "Giant's Steps" are surely names to conjure with.

The Giant's Steps or the "Devil's Stairway" as it is familiarly known is a most interesting freak of nature located on the easterly side of Bailey Island. It consists of a perfect flight of stone steps, each about 40 inches in length, which are so evenly cut into the rocky sea wall that some experts declare that they must have been hewn out of the solid cliff by the hand of man. But there is no record of any such work. At high tide the lowest step is in water deep enough for a good-sized vessel to load. This has given rise to a story that pirates long ago used it as a landing and brought hidden treasure ashore here. Rev. C. N. Sinnett, a former Harpswell pastor, long made a study of these legends and pirate yarns that have hovered



over Bailey Island for centuries. From aged residents he received much interesting information.

Tradition has it that in close proximity to the Devil's Stairway an old iron crock was once found by treasure-seekers, buried twenty feet deep. It contained a faded parchment, and written on it in letters almost undecipherable was the following inscription:

*The days are long and the nights are drear,  
To watch a treasure buried here;  
No pleasant duty mine you see  
Keeping watch o'er land and sea;  
Small hope of again releasing me.*

As an indication at least that there may be a measure of truth in all this, let the skeptics say what they may, is the astonishing and indisputable fact that Bailey Island, among all the islands in the Bay, is the home of the only person who is known to have actually rifled a pirate's treasure lore. And what is more pertinent perhaps is that Bailey itself was the authentic scene of this remarkable venture.

In the year 1840, an islander named John Wilson quietly disappeared from his island shack without saying a word to anyone. He suddenly reappeared a month later in possession of a handsome new sloop. Now this was not unusual for there were many fine vessels owned on the island. But John was known by his neighbors as an impecunious ne'er-do-well and not overly ambitious person. When he further surprised everyone by buying one of the finest farms on Bailey, then tongues, indeed, began to wag.

The reason for this sudden rise to affluence was finally revealed by Wilson after many years. He was out duck-hunting one day on the Cedar Ledges, between Ram and Elm Islands, and as he was crawling along the slimy rocks his foot slipped into a deep hole. An examination

of the spot into which he had fallen revealed an old copper kettle filled with pieces of Spanish gold. These he quietly took to Boston and exchanged them for American money to the value of \$12,000—American dollars—a tidy sum in those days. Since then countless islanders and visitors alike have scoured every inch of Bailey's shoreline in frantic search for treasure, to no avail; but could they only realize it, they have found it, not as doubloons and jingling pieces of eight, but in the joy and health-giving propensities of Bailey's invigorating tonic of ocean breezes and the incense-freighted hemlocks and pines that beautify the island!

One of the most insistent charms of Bailey Island to the traveler perhaps is the friendliness of its people; the quaint philosophy, rare humor, and inexhaustible yarns of the old-timers.

You learn that haunted places are very common in the waters around their island and Harpswell's Neck, and the early settlers were wont to weave about their islands strange tales of supernatural happenings. There was a well-known Captain Wardwell who sailed out of Harpswell in the early nineteenth century, who for one whole season hired a Mrs. Leach, a reputed witch, for a bushel of wheat a trip to guarantee him fair weather so that he might excel his competitors.

Elderly island fisherfolk have been known to relate many spine-chilling happenings at the ghostly hour when twilight merges into dark; of the mysterious roadway near the Nubble which has long been known on the island as the "Beat of the Headless Pirate." This gruesome ghost is seen only during the winter months and generally appears about Christmastime. Minus a head he straddles a milk-white horse with wings and is frequently seen flying up and down the road. Even responsible and serious-minded folk claim with muttered breath to have



seen—well, something white and strange—and heard what sounded like padded hoof-beats echoing in the neighborhood. But then, it may have been only the sound of the evening waves beating gently against the rocks, and the winds, softened a bit by the grey wraith-like mist!

It is interesting to read that Bailey Island at one time in its fascinating course of life was a great recruiting place for crews of whalers when the great whaling industry was at the height of its glory. And old records tell of a most unusual occurrence in 1822, when a great school of dolphins appeared off the island.

The fishermen jumped into their pine dories and drove the school of fish like a herd of sheep into Mackerel Cove. The "catch" yielded one hundred thirty barrels of oil which realized the goodly sum of \$2,000 to be divided among the "fish-herders."

From the soil of Bailey, too, came a long line of noted master-mariners at the time when Maine ships were famous all the world over for their sailing qualities as well as their spic-and-span appearance; a glorious era that is now a memory! The "twilight" of the captains of Bailey Island came in the 1890's, when such renowned island commanders as Captains Hugh, James, Henry, and John, all of the Sinnett family; Dave Doughty, Elisha Johnson, Tom Leeman and others reverted to the retired list. Their epitaph may well be writ in stone:

*I must go down to the sea again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day and the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.*

And slowly and surely too, the old-time race of fishermen is fast dying out, and the fishing business today does not have the same attraction for the younger men. "Boys today ain't so sturdy as their dads" commented one old-

timer. "Ain't got the guts to stand the gaff of winter fishing." Winter fishing in a Casco Bay Hampton boat is guaranteed to "sap vitality, crab boyish enthusiasm, put crow's feet around the eyes, seams in the face, and gray in the hair." Tragically enough there is ever so much more truth than poetry in the expression "Praise the sea—but stay on land!" as the melancholy inscription, "Lost at Sea," on many island tombstones will testify. Only quite recently a well-known Chebeague Island fisherman and his two sons went to get their first "catch" in a new boat on New Year's Eve. The three never returned again to Chebeague nor has any trace of the bodies or boat ever been discovered. Even the "gentle art of lobstering" as Kenneth Roberts calls it is not quite so gentle as it might seem to the summer visitor, enraptured by the romantic sound of the distant "put-put" of a lobsterman gathering his traps.

The fame of the Casco Bay lobsters is acclaimed from coast to coast, a byword in fine eating, and it was but a few years ago that this delicacy was threatened with extinction as the catches fell far below normal. For the past twelve months however, the Maine lobster catch has broken all records since the eighties.

And the wonders of modern scientific research have even entered the realm of lobstering! For generations lobstermen have baited their lath and netting traps with rankly rotten fish, for the lobster likes his food gamey, to the discomfiture of the summer people—even the lobsterman himself. Now modern research has developed an artificial and odorless lure for the unwary crustacean which is said to do the work far better. Now the summer visitor can bask pleasantly on the sand with the wind downward from a warehouse full of it without being subjected to the customary odiferous atmosphere.

Bailey Island is fast developing a national reputation



for its excellent giant tuna fishing, perhaps the most interesting of all deep sea fishing.

Trolling for this "king of deep sea fish" or "hoss mack-rill" as it is called locally, demands expert experience, strong muscles, and steady nerves. For the tuna is one of the fastest and strongest of saltwater game fish and when he strikes it is generally at express speed. It is not an unusual event for the launch to be towed fifty miles out to sea and back.

The local fishermen practice "commercial" tuna fishing. It's not so thrilling perhaps but it also requires a great degree of skill to harpoon the big fellow from a tiny platform or "pulpit" built out on the bow of their craft.

The building of the fine new bridge between Orr's and Bailey was completed a few years ago after a heated discussion that lasted more than sixty years. It poised a knotty question, and created a heated feud among natives and summer residents alike which quite enveloped the island, and the conundrum — when is an island *not* an island—has not been entirely solved to the entire satisfaction of everyone even to this day. Now Noah Webster says in his *Dictionary* that an island is a tract of land surrounded by water. But there was a deep feeling expressed by many that an island bridged to the mainland did not seem to be an island, and that its island character, an important part of its charm, would be destroyed. Indeed a few "Robinson Crusoe" minded summer residents sold out their property on the island in protest and moved to islands further out to sea. Actually, however, the bridge has proven to be a great convenience over the dory fashion of transportation, and it has not cheapened the island as so many feared it would.

The bridge itself is considered a remarkable piece of engineering and it has no counterpart anywhere else in the world with the exception of one in Scotland. Because



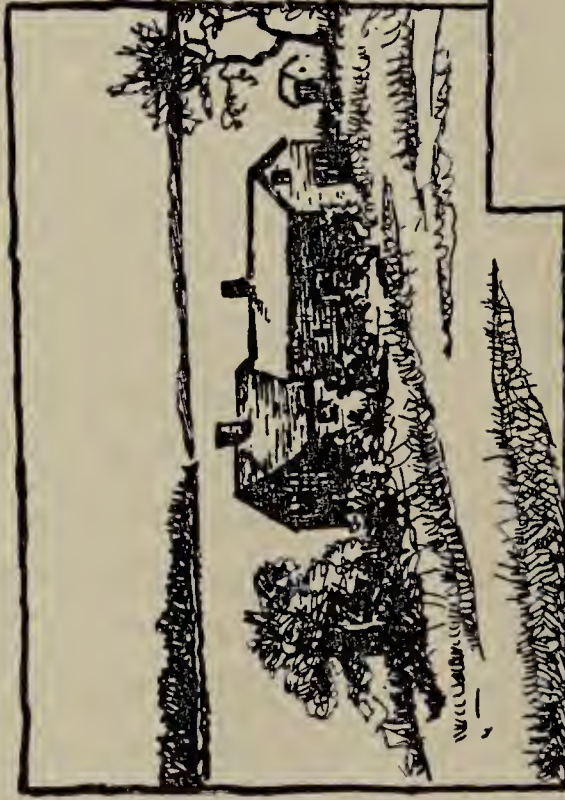
of the swiftness of the tides and battering attacks of ice in very cold winters there was much to take into consideration in its building. The difficult feat was accomplished by laying granite blocks in cellular or open construction so that rushing tides can pass through without hindrance. No mortar or cement was used.

So ideally located is this bridge, and so beautiful is the intermingling of island, sea, and marshes with the water on each side of the road that the motorist has the delightful sensation of a yacht cruise on dry land!

Yet, the ideal approach to Bailey is of course by the sea, and fortunate indeed is the professional or amateur yachtsman who sails his own white and graceful sloop as did the intrepid explorers of old. Like them, he can revel in the pleasure of the discovery for himself, of every alluring cove and inlet that charmingly mingle their outlines against the ever varying landscape.

And he can pause pleasantly at the wharves in picturesque Mackerel Cove where freight is piled high; where weatherbeaten fishing boats may be at anchor and little craft lilt to the swing of the sea currents; where multitudes of sea gulls are wheeling around, or swooping down to ride the waves like flecks of fleece against the blue-green water.

Certainly, in all Casco Bay there is no fairer spot than Bailey Island and though it is almost minute—but  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, and in some places hardly a quarter mile in width it makes an ideal place for the vacationist who loves the sea and who likes to go out with the fishermen in the early morning while the day-dawn fog is still thick. Blessed indeed, is the man, woman, or child who can spread his vacation over months rather than weeks or days; for Bailey is a happy, lovable little isle, that ever calls enticingly so that one is always loath to leave it, and continually excusing oneself from departure.



REUBEN KEAZER.  
- House -



A CEMETARY WITHIN A  
- GOLF COURSE -



- CHANDLER'S COVE -

— SCENES FROM CHEBEAGUE —



# Great Chebeague—the Indian Isle

*What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.*

YET, oftentimes, circumstance belies the song of the poet. For of all the many and varied attractions of this good old state of ours none so charms the heart of the newcomer, more than does the happy survival of a few—all too few—of the quaint original Indian names that once embellished every river, lake and hamlet in Maine.

Surely there is a lingering fragrance, a mellifluous quality permeating such ancient names as Passamaquoddy, Androscoggin, Wiscasset, and Damariscotta that is entirely lacking in the harsher Anglo-Saxon substitute.

At one time in its history, every island in “gem-studded” Casco Bay was christened in the soft-spoken musical language of the Abnaki, until the English broke the Indian charm that lay upon it, by changing its name to a more prosaic one. Today, alas! only one among the more prominent islands in the Bay still retains its original title—that of Chebeague Island, happily, despite all efforts of well-intentioned but misguided owners of the island to change it.

Chebeague, or Chebidisco as it is sometimes spelled on the early charts of Casco Bay, might well be called the “Indian Isle.” Its very name in the red man’s language means “land of many springs” and it was, from earliest times, their favorite summer rendezvous. They long ago succumbed to the lure of the island’s enchantment, and like the happy vacationist of today, had drowsed and revelled in its beauty, and relished the joys of Chebeague’s good fishing, and good eating; as witness the eloquent testimony in the still visible prehistoric shell heaps—the debris of countless feasts devoured by the dusky warriors on its hospitable shores.



June was the usual month of the great migration of the Indian tribes to the Bay from their homes in the inland forests, and what a magnificent spectacle it must have made as these feathered and painted savages paddled their long lines of birch-bark canoes to their favorite summer resorts. They busied themselves with catching and drying fish, captured whales and seals, extracting oil from the former and curing the skins of the latter. They killed porpoises, the hides of which they used on snowshoes. They dug shell fish in great quantities and dried them so that the long winter in the forests would find each tribal family well supplied with food.

They set their tepees and wigwams on Chebeague's beauty spots amid the same idyllic surroundings that nestle the white man's summer cottage of today. And for a whole week they would celebrate a joyous reunion with songs, dances, and sports, under the devout guidance of the Great Spirit Glooskap, the pleasure-loving demigod who would shower them with blessings and keep away the fearsome Witchpeople.

Numerous relics of these Indian days have been found on the island, and as late as 1935 crude implements of warfare, some household utensils, Indian skulls, and a curious stone pipe were unearthed.

The Indian occupants of Chebeague at the time of the coming of the first white settlers were under the leadership of the famous and powerful Chief Madockowando, and it is worthy of note, and a tribute perhaps to the good sense of the early Chebeaguers, that even in the days of the Indian Wars when massacres of the colonists were common throughout southern Maine, Chebeague's red and white population lived side by side on harmonious terms.

As an example of this unique friendship, the story is told of two white women alone in their home when they

noticed the approach of a drunken Indian youth. Very much alarmed they quickly barricaded the house as best they could, but the Indian was soon at the door demanding "occabie" (rum).

Their fears soon gave way to relief however, when they saw the youth's mother coming after him brandishing a club. She gave him a sound thrashing there and then which the Indian brave took meekly and shambled off. As late as 1870, a small group of the Penobscot tribe "summered" regularly on the Island as their forefathers did before them!

Doubtless, it will come as a pleasant surprise to the summer visitors to Chebeague—perhaps to the islanders themselves—that their beloved island in historic association and tradition, is almost as ancient and honorable as the far-famed Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, for it was but a few years after the Pilgrims landed on this continent, in 1620, that Chebeague came into historical prominence.

But in rich contrast to the dour colorless advent of the Pilgrims the early beginnings of Chebeague were glamorous and picturesque indeed, for in the poetic phrase "she walked with Queens and Princes." She was a colony of the Royal Crown of England and her first active proprietor was none other than a royal knight, Sir Fernando Gorges, a gallant soldier-courtier at a period in English history when "knighthood really was in flower."

His very name conjures up a vision, romantic in ruff, velvet and silks, and he was intimately associated with such renowned and dashing gallants as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir John Hawkins who were wont to gather at the famous Mermaid Tavern, there to regale the poets Shakespeare and Ben Jonson with their amazing tales of adventure in the New World.



The first legal document pertaining to Chebeague of which we have record is the transfer in 1650 of the island by a deputy of Gorges, to a Bostonian by the name of Merry. While the new owner never resided on Chebeague and probably never saw it, he appropriately and prophetically perhaps named it Merry Island after himself. He in turn disposed of his property to John King, another Massachusetts man, for the sum of \$500.

It is very evident that speculation in real estate was just as popular in those times as it is today for the island ownership changed hands with frequent succession with a corresponding increase in profit until in less than a century the island value had jumped almost three hundred per cent!

At one time in its long and checkered career Chebeague came into the possession of a Walter Gendall of Yarmouth, one of the most colorful and interesting characters in all Maine's colonial history. He was a famous Indian fighter and for some of his escapades he was hauled before the General Court of Massachusetts on charges of treason. He effected his escape with the aid of friends and ultimately bought a pardon by the payment of £20. He met death shortly afterward in an Indian skirmish and was thus deprived of the delights of a Chebeague residence!

By one of those strange quirks of fate that so often occur in Maine history the island was presented as a free gift to a couple of deacons of the First Church of Boston in return for their "goodly deedes" in propagating the Gospel. History does not tell us however whether their missionary efforts were devoted to the Indians or "converting" the small group of fishermen who then inhabited Chebeague. In a moment of gratefulness they gave the island the incongruous title of "Recompense Island" which was, in the course of events, discarded and cast into



oblivion, for which Chebeaguers, no doubt, are none the less grateful.

Then followed the long period of the Indian wars with their fiendish massacres, when almost every foot of the coastline of Maine from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua was aflame with terrifying war-whoops, the flash of tomahawks, and the night glare of the burning homes of the settlers. Many of the latter left the mainland and took refuge on the outlying islands of Casco Bay, only in some instances to perish when surrounded and attacked by the Indians.

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During the course of the war Chebeague again came into possession of its original owners, the Indians, until they were driven off by colonial troops.

As a further attestation—if any is needed—of the unchanging and habitual popularity of Chebeague is the fact, that no sooner was the Indian conflagration ended than the island again jumped into the real estate market as a choice plum, probably because of the valuable growth of timber which then covered the island.

In 1743, a slice of the island was purchased by Colonel Thomas Westbrook, a very prominent and influential figure in Maine history. Doubtless he had an eye on the stately white pine for he was the King's royal agent for the mast industry which furnished the English Navy with superb masts for their frigates. He owned a palatial home in Stroudwater and built the first bridge across Fore River. The city of Westbrook perpetuates his name.

It is a curious fact that during the long and eventful white occupation of Chebeague Island, not one honest-to-goodness permanent settler could be found among the long procession of noblemen, land speculators, deacons, Indian fighters and other owners of the property until the arrival in 1760 of Ambrose Hamilton, a Scotch immigrant, who bought a part of the island for the purpose

of farming and making a home in the new world.

Ambrose can very justly be called Chebeague's first citizen and he lived on the island the greater part of his life. He built a log cabin on the north shore, married three years later, and bequeathed to the island a progeny of twelve children and seventy-one grandchildren. Small wonder, then, that the dominant family on Chebeague today is still the Hamiltons!

These early Hamiltons were truly pioneers in every sense of the word for they played a major rôle in the development and welfare of the island, and have always been closely identified with its various economic interests. Thanks to an early and successful business enterprise of this Hamilton family, the islanders of Chebeague, when they travel through this land of ours, can gaze with pardonable pride on such notable national structures as the Washington Monument, and many of the government buildings in Washington, D. C. Also the Naval Academy buildings in Annapolis and the Board of Trade offices at Chicago, for much of the stonework that went into the construction of these famous edifices came from Maine's granite quarries, and was carried on Chebeague ships manned by Chebeague men. At the height of this industry the Hamiltons had under their direction as many as thirty sloops known along the Atlantic seaboard as the "Hamilton Stone Fleet." Practically all the forts, breakwaters, and lighthouses from Eastport to Delaware contained Maine rock furnished by this fleet during the 1850's. There was at that time an active quarry on Chebeague located near the Hamilton wharf. The work was hazardous and there were numerous accidents in the sloop industry. One boat went down off Cape Ann and all on board were drowned or frozen to death except one seaman named Ross.

The Hamilton family is famous, it might be added, for



another achievement, that of longevity, as it is claimed that the average age of the Hamilton clan is eighty-four. However, not to be outdone in this matter is the contemporary Sylvanus Higgins, who at the time of writing is hale and hearty at ninety. He does confess, though, that he gets a "mite tired 'round suppertime after doing his daily chores!"

Of the entire galaxy of interesting personalities on Chebeague Island perhaps the most conspicuous character was old Ebenezer Hill who appeared on the island some time in the late eighteenth century. He was the son of a participant in the historical "Indian" Boston Tea Party and spent his early life on Cousins Island. He later married one of Ambrose Hamilton's daughters and eventually settled on Chebeague, the first of the Hills to reside there. He built a substantial home from brick which he baked from clay obtained from the shore, the only house of that material on the island.

He led a full and adventurous life, went to sea early and soon rose to the command of a ship. During the War of 1812, he and his vessel were captured by a British frigate and he was imprisoned for a year at Bermuda. Confined in the same jail was the fabulous Commodore Decatur with whom he struck a warm friendship.

At the close of hostilities he was released and given an old ship, not much more than a hulk, in which to return to this country. Hill accomplished the difficult task, arriving safely at New York where he received one hundred pounds as his share of the prize money.

After his return to Chebeague where he had been mourned for lost, he determined to build a ship for himself. Though greatly handicapped by lack of suitable tools, having to saw by hand the timber which he obtained on the island, he turned out a creditable full-rigged ship which he named *Decatur* as a tribute to his



fellow-prisoner. This was the start of Chebeague's ship-building industry which flourished in a modest way for many years afterwards.

Later he commanded one of his own vessels and with a crew of islanders set sail for France to load French emigrants. He also engaged in the West Indies trade, and it was on one of these voyages he contracted yellow fever. He died in New York and was buried in the old historic cemetery of Trinity Church in lower New York.

Practically all the inhabitants of Chebeague at one time were farmer-fishermen or had avocations pertaining to the sea. Thus the Ross and Seabury families were ship-carpenters; the Rickers, ship-engineers and ship-builders; the Bennetts, ship painters; while the Webber, Johnson, and Doughty families were mostly master-mariners and fishermen. In fact one can find Doughtys in every part of Casco Bay, and the name Doughty has come to be synonymous with good pilots and good fishermen.

How much better off is the islander of today contrasted with life as lived on Chebeague a century ago! Formerly the only way to reach the mainland was by rowing or sailing. In winter that was not always feasible. There were no postal facilities on the island, in fact no adequate mail service until the first official postmaster was appointed in 1870. Prior to that if a fisherman happened to be going to the city he would collect mail for his neighbors at one of the shipchandlers' stores on the Portland waterfront. The first so-called regular mail carrier made tri-weekly trips, carrying a few passengers on a large cat-boat when the weather was favorable. Travel conditions during the winter were quite a different matter however. Quite often there would be a solid sheet of ice from Chebeague to the main shore; then the mails and passengers had to be hauled across the frozen surface by horse teams.

Casco Bay, it seems, usually freezes over in such a manner about once in every four years or so which accounts, no doubt, for the occasional appearance on the island of a stray fox or wild rabbit which makes its way to the island from the mainland over the ice.

The *Charles W. Warren* was the first steamer to make calls at Chebeague Island. It made weekly trips between Portland and the island in 1875. The service did not prove satisfactory, however, and in their desperate efforts to solve the difficulties of transportation the residents of the island embarked on an ambitious undertaking which unfortunately led to financial disaster. They banded together in 1875 and purchased a small steamer, the *Henrietta*, a vessel of about one hundred tons gross. She is said to have resembled a small tug but had ample room for passengers. They also built landing facilities on the south shore. This wharf was known as Littlefield's Landing, now changed to Central. The *Henrietta* ran from Portland to Harpswell, making several stops besides Chebeague, but the venture was not successful and proved a serious financial loss to the island stockholders.

The next attempt in the steamboat business was the little steamer *Alice*, a home project, as she was built and run by Captain Stephen Ricker of Chebeague. After her came the steamer *Gordon*. She ran successfully for many years, in fact she wore herself out in the service and had to be beached and broken up.

Even these steamers were not stout enough to buck the heavy ice floes in season and it was often necessary to resort to teams. With the formation of the Harpswell Steamboat Company and with the building of the heavier steamers, *Aucocisco*, *Merryconeag*, *Sebascodegan*, and the *Chebeague*, communication and travel conditions became more satisfactory.

At the same time these boats were running a Captain



Townsend had in operation a line of steamers from Freeport to Portland, touching at points along the Foreside, such as Madockowando and Town Landings, and at Hamilton's Landing on Chebeague. In 1907, the Casco Bay and Harpswell lines were united. New wharves were built on the eastern and western ends of Chebeague, and the older landing places such as Hamiltons, Jenks, Western, and Sunset were abandoned.

The early residents of Chebeague were without church comforts and had no settled minister until 1804. Previous to that time the island was included in the parish of the First Church of Christ in North Yarmouth and had to depend on such services as that church could give them. The parson kept in touch with his flock on the island by monthly lectures, at which time he would perform baptisms, marriages, and other duties of the church.

A curious clerical figure in those days was an itinerant preacher by the name of Abraham Cummings. He made a striking appearance in a long blue cloak of English broadcloth. He used a small catboat on his trips to the various islands. Stephen Bennett was the first Methodist minister to preach on Chebeague Island. He was also the pioneer preacher at Peaks Island, alternating every other Sunday, by means of a dory. It is claimed that he was so lusty of lung that whenever he preached on Chebeague he could be plainly heard on Long Island! Which—they say—was the reason he never was invited to preach at the latter place.

Burial service was a pretty primitive affair on all the islands before the introduction of the first hearse in 1818. The coffin covered with a pall was carried on biers made of poles of young trees with the bark left on. Usually eight husky men carried the bier on their shoulders, four at a time, with the others to relieve the first four when tired. These poles were always discarded after once used.



There were no permanent doctors to take care of the island sick until the coming of Dr. L. L. Hale who started his services in 1884. He practiced thirty-one years on the island during which time he answered all night and day calls. Much of his time was devoted to caring for inhabitants of other islands, and often at the risk of his life set out on his duty in all kinds of weather, in rowboats, sloops, schooners, and later, motorboats.

There is always a particular fascination, at least to the visitor, in the contemplation of old houses, and at one time Chebeague could boast of several interesting specimens of island architecture. They were nearly all of one type, a low long gable roof with an immense square chimney—all extremely simple but at the same time very picturesque. An excellent example was the old James Hamilton homestead built in 1799. It was torn down about thirty years ago.

Now only a few of these ancient structures remain to echo the island's historic past, when ox teams and sheep paths were the vogue. Even these have been altered more or less to meet the demands of modern civilization. Perhaps the best preserved of the old houses now standing is the Ricker house at the west end. It has been completely restored and furnished true to its original period and is now used as a summer residence. One can still see the old fireplace with its oven and crane, and a mysterious secret closet between the floors.

The oldest structure extant on the island today is the ancient so-called "Richard Hutchinson" house which dates back to about 1781. It was once a parsonage for the Methodist Church, and when the new parsonage was built the old building went on the auction block. The new owner moved it across the road and later remodelled it considerably, so that it has lost much of its original picturesqueness and character.

A curious and interesting little house which will delight the eye of the person interested in such matters, is the ancient Reuben Keazer home situated near the Town Landing. It is a typical salt-water farm-house with the front door facing the water as was the custom in those far-off days. The exact date of its building is lost in obscurity but its lower floor was once the scene of Chebeague's first island store.

The sturdy inhabitants of Chebeague Island suffered keenly in the aftermath of the Civil War. They were reduced to "hardscrapple" days indeed. The Hamilton interests which had carried on a profitable business shipping dry fish to the West Indies and salted clams to Portugal were ultimately compelled to go out of business. Scarcity of product and the prevailing low prices made local fishing a discouraging occupation. Then came the decline of boat building, and one can not but marvel at the patience and tenacity which have always helped these islanders to overcome all obstacles. But it was a fortunate thing nevertheless for all the island people of Casco Bay that the summer tourist business came in about that time. In 1870, a new era began for Chebeague, for it was in that year that summer visitors were first accommodated at one of the farmhouses. The fame of the island as an ideal summer resort spread and soon large numbers of outsiders began coming for July and August.

It is stated that the first summer cottage was built in 1880, by a Quaker named Goddard from Pennsylvania. It was a modest two-story affair at the east end but it became the nucleus of one of the largest and finest summer colonies in Casco Bay. Since that time cottages have been erected in various parts of the island by people from all over the country.

These cottages have been grouped into several colonies the largest being at the east end where the social life



of Chebeague centers. Professional people, college teachers, and clergymen make up a goodly proportion of the summer residents, probably because they are privileged with longer vacations than the business man. Curiously enough there are surprisingly few Portland people on Chebeague, due no doubt to the difficulty of commuting the ten-mile sea journey to and from the city.

Chebeague has been a happy summer haven for many men and women of note, and no story of the island would be complete without some mention of Ellis Ames Ballard, one of its most ardent and loyal enthusiasts for more than forty years until he died a few years ago. His summer "cottage," "Khatmandu," is in reality a show place and is reputed to have cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000 to build. Always keenly interested in the welfare of the island community, it is due to his efforts that Chebeague has an excellent baseball ground and without doubt the finest golf course in the entire Casco Bay.

This golf course, situated on the ocean side of the island, is Maine's scenery at its loveliest, with never a distracting sound to disturb the players. It occupies quite a unique place in the realm of golfdom, in that it cherishes a private graveyard within its boundaries, probably having no parallel elsewhere in the country. In this ancient little cemetery lie, undisturbed by the golfing activities that surround them, the remains of six early residents of the island. Some of the stones are now moss-covered so that the inscriptions cannot be deciphered but the oldest legible headstone dates back to 1816. Far from lending a depressing atmosphere, this hallowed spot makes a charming archaic contrast, for since there are no surviving relatives of those who are now within, the club members themselves give it tender care, and cherish it, and have placed flower beds around it. And not far away, sentinel-like, stands a venerable oak tree that has safely



weathered one hundred and fifty years of storm and hurricane.

The coming of World War II, almost overnight, completely revolutionized Chebeague's existence as the island practically became bereft of its male inhabitants. Chebeague's accustomed and unchanging way of life took on a decided Amazonian tinge, as it was manned almost exclusively by women. War conditions clamped a tight restriction on its social and economic activities and the fishing and tourist industries were the first to go. No longer did the many groups of old-time fishermen gather at the wharves. No more did the ancient mariners unfold varied and weird tales of the mysterious sea!

The serious-minded fishermen volunteered to commandeer their boats for various forms of sea service to the government and the men not eligible for military service left the island for defense work. Every able-bodied woman readjusted her life without complaint and volunteered for some kind of war work and care of the sick, for they were left without a doctor and only one practical nurse to administer to its three hundred-odd population. Well aware of their exposed and hazardous position, to the menace of air-raids and from enemy submarines that infested the outside waters, they were not unduly alarmed. They improvised a makeshift sound signal system by delegating a group to call the islanders to action with the aid of hammers and large pails.

Now that the stark grim chapter of war is ended, and the youth of Chebeague, that have been spared, gradually restored to their island home, the little settlement looks hopefully ahead to the resumption of normal life so rudely interrupted by tumultuous events. If you have known Chebeague only as a summer resort you have not known her in her most romantic mood. Although a great concourse of "outsiders" has descended upon their beloved

island it has in no way changed the even tenor of their lives. For there is another Chebeague besides the Chebeague of the summer colony, a quaint, charming, old world that lies in close juxtaposition to, yet strangely aloof from the kaleidoscopic atmosphere of the new.

There still clings to the native Chebeaguer something of the simplicity that comes perhaps from living close to the sources of life, that to the outsider lends much charm. One of the most notable features about them is the way in which they stand by one another. In this respect they resemble an old Scottish clan, a heritage perhaps from their Scottish pioneer. If one of their members is in need there is sure to be a benefit to which the others respond generously. They are well educated, keenly intelligent, and usually devout church-goers.

They are good home-makers too, their cottages are neat, clean and comfortable, in which today much of the old handicrafts still flourish. In almost every friendly kitchen where not so long ago the musical clack-clack of the loom could be heard the privileged visitor may find some of the occupants busily sewing, or rug-making. And rug-making is something of an art on the island. Artistically woven and of many colors, they are prized far and wide. Renowned for their cooking, the island women jealously guard their precious recipes that have been handed down from generation to generation.

Chebeaguers are distinctly an orderly people. There is no jail on the island, in fact there is not so much as a policeman to control the conduct and actions of its inhabitants.

On the 186 islands in Casco Bay as shown on government charts not connected by a bridge to the mainland, Chebeague Island is the largest. It is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, has an average width of 1 mile and contains about 2800 acres. It has modern telephone, electric light and power

service. To the vacationist it is a land of never-ending delight with its numerous white-sand beaches, and there are 20 odd miles of good gravel automobile roads, bright with crushed clam shells, that wind through fragrant and wood-scented groves. For the athletically minded, too, there is sport in profusion.

Yes! Chebeague is still a magnet today, as it has been for centuries past; an enchanting isle that ever lures you back once you have breathed the elixir of its atmosphere. You feel somehow an abundance of life that you seldom find elsewhere.

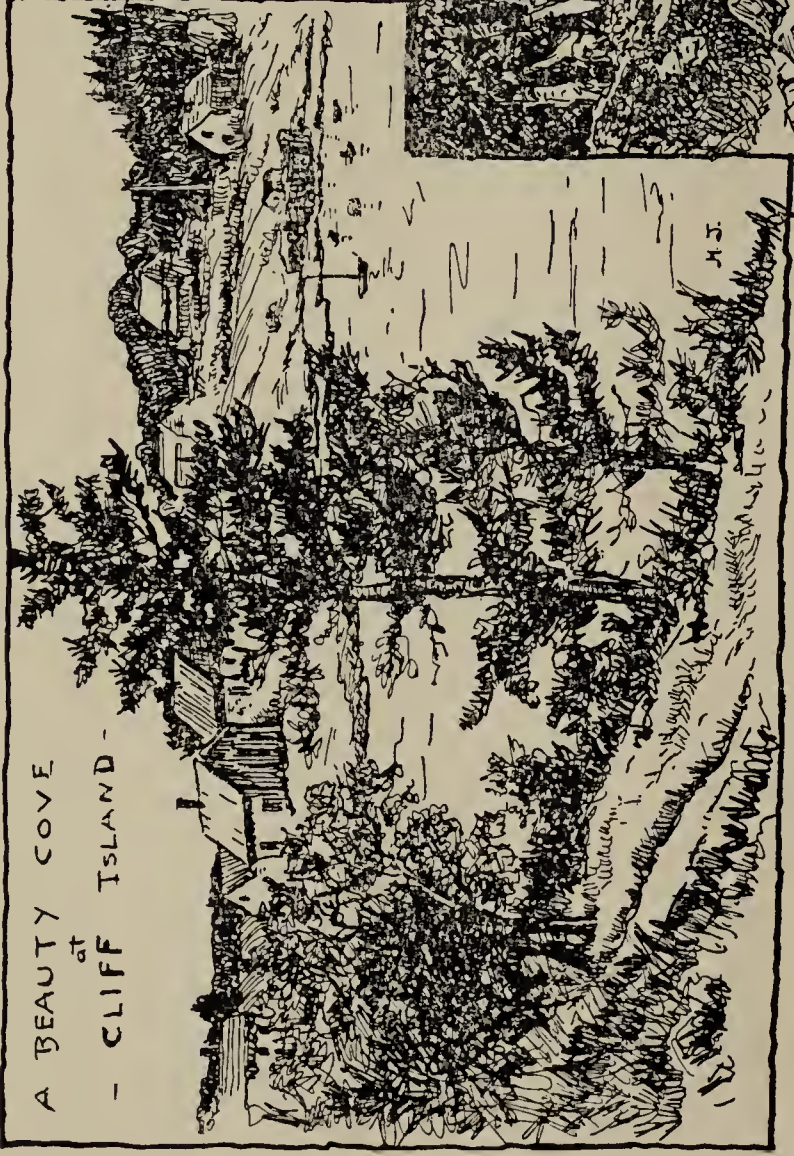
To the sophisticated peace-seeker, careless of time, it is a sheltered haven of serenity—for no one hurries on Chebeague:

*Tomorrow comes soon enough. Today is delightful—  
and one is still enjoying yesterday.*





A BEAUTY COVE  
- at  
- CLIFF ISLAND -



A. 'TREASURE MARKER'  
JEWELL ISLAND M.J.



# Jewell & Cliff—Isles of Smugglers & Treasure Lore

*Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum,  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.*

SURELY there are few of us who are not thrilled, whose blood does not flow a trifle faster at tales of smugglers and buried treasure, even though most of us are doomed to the rather unromantic category of “arm-chair travelers.”

Robert Louis Stevenson dearly loved a pirate, though actually he never glimpsed one in the flesh, nor ever went on a quest for pirate loot. Yet he wrote the finest treasure story of them all! It was his custom to haunt the waterfront in search of good material and while in a dockside saloon at San Francisco, an old salt told him the fantastic legend of Cocos Island and its pirate hoard of gold. Thus he created his wonderful *Treasure Island* to the delight of all both young and old.

Stevenson, had he known it, could have found ample material for treasure stories here in Maine, where there is scarcely a sandy beach on its long indented coastline that has not at some time been connected with traditional tales of landing of pirates and their buried gold.

And particularly too, when we remember that Maine can claim the doubtful honor of being the scene of the first act of piracy on the New England shores, when the infamous *Dixie Bull*, in 1632, sailed boldly into the harbor of Pemaquid and looted that impoverished settlement of £500. Then again, the greatest and most successful treasure finder in all the history of treasure-trove was a Maine-born man—William Phips—who in addition to



raising a fortune from a sunken Spanish galleon, rose to be a knight of the Crown and the first royal governor of New England.

If we can believe history and tradition many a cached pirate hoard lies buried in Maine soil, and for generations, since the days of the early settlers, credulous and misguided diggers have searched every inch of its coastline, lured by persistent tales of fabulous wealth; always secreted in lonely and outlandish places with nearby rocks and trees bearing mysterious marks indicating just where the elusive treasure is hidden.

Who had buried the hoard, or what its origin was, no one knew, but it was generally agreed that it was pirate loot, and was always referred to as the "Captain Kidd Treasure," notwithstanding the fact that the much-maligned Kidd never came near the Maine coast, and in truth, never possessed much treasure to bury.

But for real romance, tragedy, and mystery, elements which should always surround a genuine pirate's treasure-trove, none can compare with the treasure story of Jewell Island in Casco Bay.

Certainly no island in the Bay so ideally lends itself to piratical practices with its deep landlocked harbor, hidden coves, and thick woods, that even today shelters all observation from the sea. All of which lends credence to staunch belief that at one time in its history, it was the favorite haunt of smugglers and pirates.

Here also have been heard the war-whoops of the Indian and many an early settler who had fled from the mainland in hope of finding a sanctuary, found only death instead.

Jewell is only a little island of but two hundred and twenty-one acres, one of the outer islands that fringe the boundaries of Casco Bay, and being out of the beaten track of tourist travel, has not received the attention that

its natural beauties merit. For many years it has been maintained as a private estate.

George Jewell, from whom the island is said to have taken its name, came from Saco, Maine, and is presumed to have purchased the island from the Indians in 1637, the price being the proverbial horn of powder and a bottle of rum, with a half-dozen fish hooks thrown in. He had used the place as a fishing station for some time previous.

Jewell, who is accepted as the first white resident on the island, was only a squatter at best. He met his death a few years later by drowning in Boston Harbor while returning to his ship on a cold dark night, after drinking about a gallon of "strong water."

The island later came into possession of Henry Donnell of York, Maine, who lived there thirty years and on that account it was for a time known as Donnell's Island. History, however, has not recorded when it reverted to its original name. Another likely version of the origin of the island's name, as given by some historians, is the great amount of iron pyrites—or "fool's gold"—that has been found there.

Jewell Island was the tragic scene of an Indian massacre during the Indian wars. A number of refugees had sought shelter on the island and their leader, Richard Potts of Haskell Island, set a watch upon the shore. The wily Indian warriors hid themselves on the wooded heights of neighboring Cliff Island, and the white men thinking themselves safe went fishing. Thereupon the savages sped across in canoes and attacked the women and children. Their cries and shots alarmed the men who hastened back but Mrs. Potts, who was washing clothes on the beach, and her two children were killed in sight of her husband. The attack was eventually repulsed but only at the cost of several lives of the refugees, and the



survivors shortly afterward were rescued by a small coasting vessel.

In the 1830's a successful but short-lived business was conducted on the island, the mining of alum. A few buildings were erected but these were abandoned after mining activity ceased, and only the mounds of slag remain to mark the scene of Jewell's only business adventure.

There stood on the island until destroyed by fire in 1913, one of the most interesting relics of old times in Casco Bay—an old house said to have been occupied by a nefarious sea-captain turned smuggler. It was a forbidding and eerie-looking structure with port-holes for windows and was the only building on the island. Its grim owner barred all curious sightseers; nevertheless, it was known that he had many visitors at certain times. In the days of the West India trade many a trim coaster would slip into the well-protected Smugglers' Cove at the foot of the hill where his house was perched.

She would have a cargo ostensibly of sugar and molasses but tucked away in the hold would be many mysterious-looking crates, and speculation was rife as to what the crates contained. These would be unloaded and hauled by pulleys up to the port-hole windows on the second floor and stored in a secret closet. Then the vessel would proceed innocently into Portland Harbor and discharge her legitimate cargo. Later owners of the island lived several years in the house before they found this secret closet and passageway, filled with empty rum bottles.

From earliest times it has been traditional in the history of Jewell Island that a pirate's treasure lies hidden somewhere on its shores. The very name itself presupposes authenticity of the many yarns of buried loot that since time immemorial have been connected with it. Even the oldest greybeard islander cannot recall when the oldest inhabitant of his youthful days could remem-



ber who was the first to seek the hidden hoard. But for more than two centuries Jewell has been a mecca for treasure seekers who have dug and delved and poked up and down its shores and soil until it resembled a veritable "no man's land." Every possible device has been used to find the gold and jewels they believed to be there: sacrificing animals, using divining rods, and invoking the help of demented people believed to have second sight, but not a single coin or jewel has ever been uncovered.

One convincingly told legend to gullible listeners concerns a pirate from Bermuda whose ship foundered on Brown Cow ledge, a small island to the eastward of Jewell. The crew were supposed to have reached Jewell Island with a great chest of gold from the pirate ship which they buried on the pebbly beach of Punch Bowl at its southern end. Then the pirate chief commanded the entire crew to place over the treasure a great flat rock which the combined efforts of the men could only just move.

"We'll make it big enough, boys," he laughed with an oath, "so we'll have to all come back together and move it." Years after, the legend goes, some of the crew returned and with the aid of a chart, retrieved the treasure. An old settler on the island by the name of Chase always claimed to have entertained these visitors, and also claimed to have found a square hole in the cove, out of which the chest had been taken.

The buried treasure of Captain Kidd on Jewell has become as legendary as the dream of the pot o' gold at the end of the rainbow!

Many years ago a mysterious stranger arrived there from St. John. He declared he possessed a chart showing exactly where the old pirate's loot was buried on the island. According to his tale Kidd had given the precious document to a devoted negro servant, and he in turn had

passed it on to the man from St. John who had befriended him. Then appears a confederate in the plot, a local skipper of unsavory reputation who, it was rumored, had been a pirate himself. He was the only man on the island who owned an accurate mariner's compass and instruments which were essential to the finding of the treasure. After many days of secret conferences between the two they were seen to set out together carrying pick, shovel, chart, and compass.

Of course no one dared to follow the sinister pair and no one knew where they had gone, and apparently, no one saw them return. Several days later the Captain was seen puttering around his garden as usual and shortly after sailed away on a trading voyage. But the man from St. John had disappeared! What had become of him? He had not sailed on any ship as far as they could find out.

Soon the tongues began to wag and the islanders decided to do a little searching on their own account. On the southeast shore of the island was a deep, freshly dug hole and on the bottom was the imprint of a chest or box. Obviously someone had dug the hole and removed a chest from its hiding place and no one doubted that the quest had been successful, and that the Captain had departed with his treasure to deposit it in some large town on the mainland.

Years lapsed and the Captain passed on, respected as a well-to-do retired mariner, as the island's richest inhabitant should be. And then one day a hunter made an ominous and gruesome discovery. In a dense patch of woods not far from the treasure pit he came upon a human skeleton lying in a deep crevice between two ledges of rock. Years of sun and rain, snow and ice, had removed all traces of perishable garments, but among the bones were buttons and a silver ring which some identified as one being worn by the man from St. John.



Of course everybody thought that the Captain had made away with the stranger and secured the treasure for himself. But there was no means of proving it as the Captain was as dead as the skeleton found among the rocks. And for years afterwards—so it is stated—mysterious lights were seen and strange noises occurred in that neighborhood, so that all the treasures, of all the pirates could not have induced any superstitious islander to approach the location of the “treasure pit” nor the spot where the skeleton had been found after nightfall.

#### CLIFF ISLAND

Cliff Island, in striking contrast to its neighboring island of Jewell which can boast of only one occupant — and that a summer resident — is a year-round bustling community of about 300 souls, which number is greatly augmented in the summer season.

It is situated further out to sea than any of the populated islands in the Bay, and like most of these islands possesses its full measure of rugged beauty, co-mingled with great coves, low sand bars and health-giving pine groves.

Indeed Cliff Island can truthfully offer natural and delightful scenic propensities that as yet, at least, are entirely unspoiled and unmarred by the ravenous encroachment of modernized civilization. Its picturesque old-time way of life has been preserved to the never ending satisfaction of the visitor who would “get away from it all.” No wonder then, that for many years it has been the quiet refuge for the artist, the scholar, and the traveler.

In the past when fishing was more profitable and popular the entire native population almost to a man were either fishermen or boat builders. Seldom a day passed but what a small gathering of fishing smacks laden with cod, mackerel, and halibut could be seen at the island



wharf or in one of its sheltered coves en route to the fish houses at Portland.

When winter came, and fishing conditions were tough many of these island folk would forsake their "side lines and nets" for the chisel and the saw and turn out stout small craft for which Cliff Islanders are famous.

In another way, too, this little island is different and interesting to the visitor, for on Cliff, Saturday is Sunday! Its people are, in the main, Adventists — their Sabbath being observed on the seventh day.

This rocky and precipitous island whose outer arm forms bold granite cliffs, has not always been known as Cliff Island for it was originally christened Crotch Island, named after a curious "H"-shaped chasm which by some geologic freak of nature has been riven out of a solid ledge on the southeastern side of the island. On each side of the "crotch" are great coves which snugly harbor the island's fishing and lobster fleets. The hill crests above are beautifully crowned with pine groves and smiling meadows.

Curiously enough, while the government postal authorities designate the island as Cliff, the geodetic branch of the government still retains the old name of Crotch Island on its charts, a polite gesture — they say — to crabbed old mariners who bitterly complain of the giving of newfangled names to old landmarks!

As is the case with most of the islands in Casco Bay, there is disagreement among the historians as to the actual arrival of the first settler on Cliff Island. But white men must have had residence there early in the eighteenth century, for until recently a most interesting old house stood near Gravelly Cove, occupied for many years by Hannah C. Small, a granddaughter of Samuel Petten-gell, one of the island's pioneers.

Its walls were constructed of hand-hewn wooden planks and stood on end. It was termed a "piggin," a type of dwelling very uncommon in Maine, there being only one other like it built at Kittery Point, about 1630. It is said to have been erected by John Merriman, one of the island's earliest settlers.

Among other Cliff Island pioneers, were the families of Adkins, Griffiths and Pettengell, and for many years the two latter families divided the island between them. While history does not say so, there must have been other owners of Cliff Island property, for in the records of the Cumberland County Court at the March term in 1801, there is a plea from one Abijah Chadwick of Beverly, Massachusetts, for the ejection of Benjamin Higgins of North Yarmouth, from a large tract of land on Crotch Island. Chadwick claimed ownership by the right of his mother, Eleanor Dundas, and won his case. At the time of the taking of the island census in 1832, there were but six families eking out a meagre existence by fishing.

The early pioneers of Cliff Island did not come unscathed through the Indian wars. Richard Potts who first settled Haskell Island was a well-known Indian fighter, and it was his wife who was so cruelly slain on Jewell Island by the Indians before he could reach her side to help. He with Richard Haynes was attacked while on Cliff Island in the field above the old wharf at Strout's Point, and died fighting against overpowering odds.

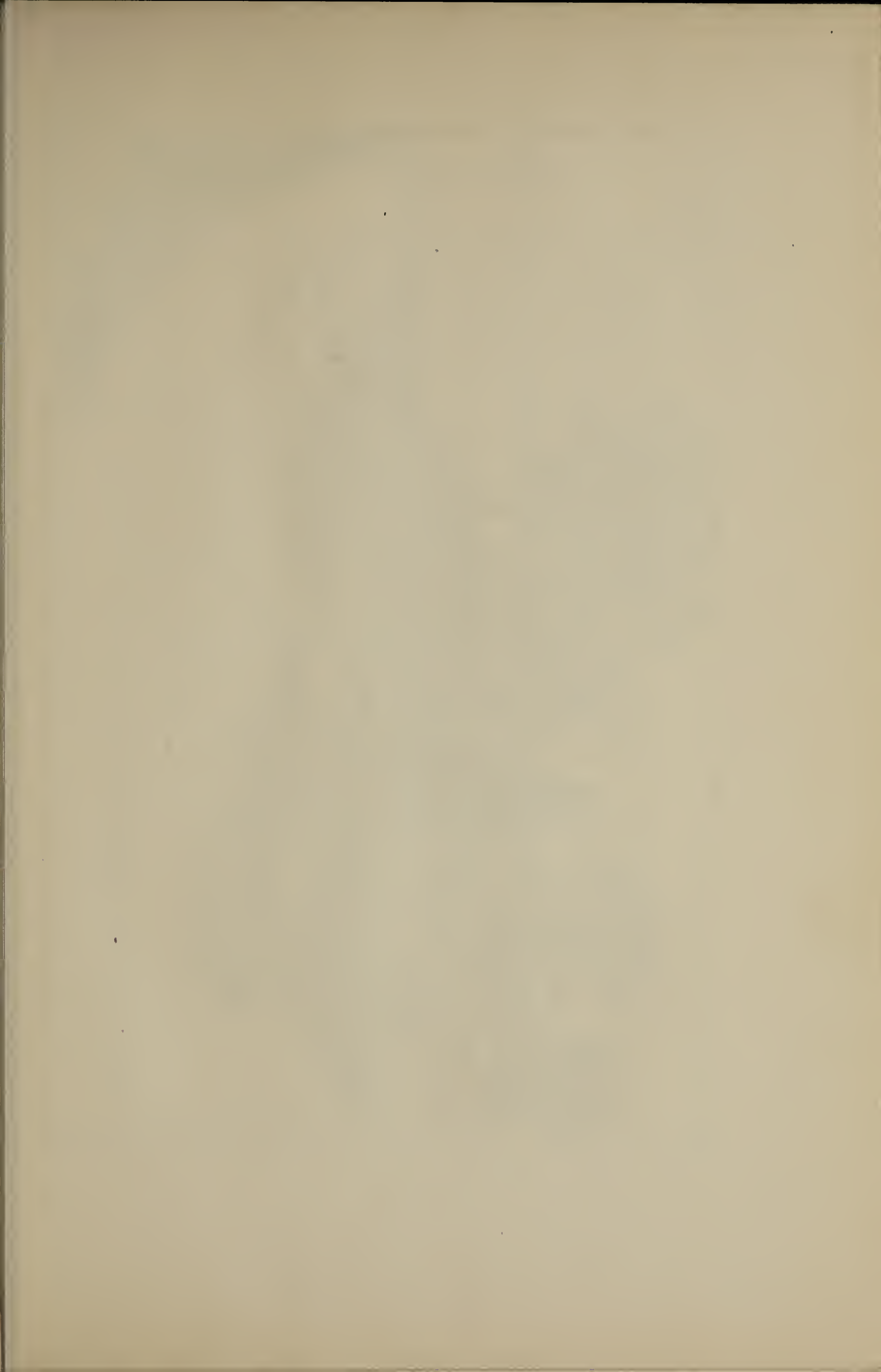
On May 2, 1780, a party of colonial soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Burns camped on the island for several days while on their way to the eastward in search of British cruisers. They journeyed as far as Small Point at the far eastern end of the Bay but encountered none of the enemy. On their return to the island they grounded their schooner on the sand bar off Great Chebeague and

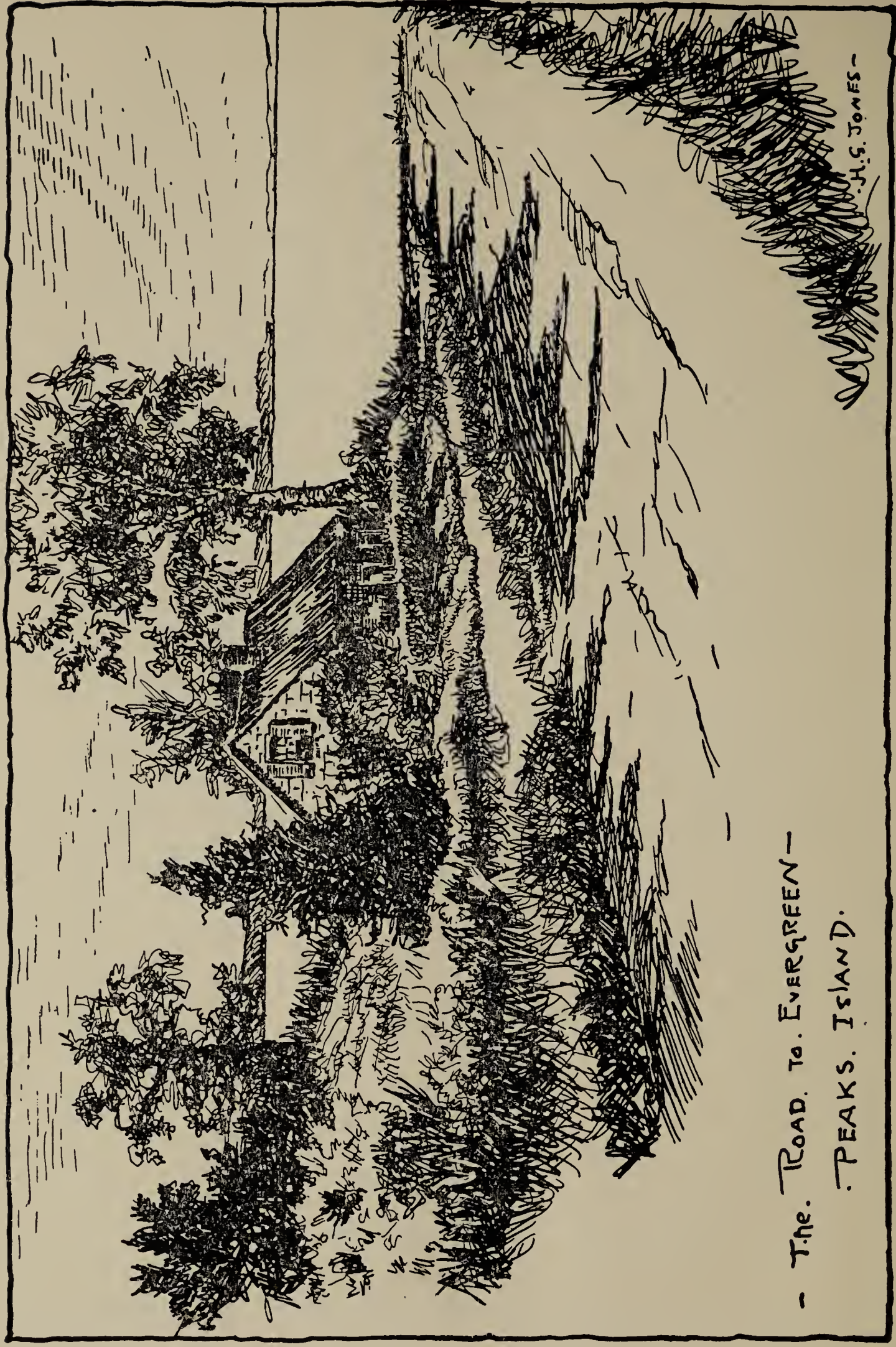
it was only after considerable delay that they were able to get away, much to the satisfaction of the soldiers who found the islands much to their liking.

It is hard indeed to associate so attractive and peaceful a spot as Cliff Island with the gruesome and the sinister; nevertheless, there is one prominent legend kept alive by year-round residents of Cliff for the edification of all those who dote on beloved tradition. It concerns the notorious Captain Kieff who was believed to be a smuggler and one-time pirate, and who came to the island during the colonial days. He lived alone in a hut and during stormy weather would fasten a lighted lantern to his horse's neck riding up and down the narrow stretch of the island in the hope of luring passing vessels to their doom on the treacherous reefs. Unsuspecting pilots soon found their ships pounded to pieces and their cargoes salvaged and confiscated by this island ghoul. This worthy waxed rich out of the spoils.

Today the islanders are at pains to point out to the curious the Captain's own private graveyard — a pretty grassy meadow which ever since has been known as "Kieff's Garden," and where his innocent victims are said to sleep their last long sleep.







- The Road to Evergreen -  
Peaks Island.

- H. S. Jones -



## Peaks—the Isle of Arcady

I KNOW now, but alas! too late I fear, that I have missed a great deal in life in not having been introduced to the delightful charm and allurements that was the island of Peaks, in years past. For delightful it must have been from rendered accounts of all those who have succumbed to its enchantment—both visitor and resident alike.

The Indians were aware of these attractions centuries ago and the discovered debris of prehistoric shell heaps denotes the many banquets they enjoyed on its hospitable shores. They called the island Utowna, which in paleface language means “rockbound place.”

Like the Biblical coat of many colors, Peaks in the course of its long existence has borne a bewildering number of names but it gained the final name of Peaks in 1741. Why Peaks, no one seems to know for a surety. I confess I like best, the name bestowed upon it by the loyal actor folk who for many years used it as a summer playground, a place in which to soothe their tired, jangled nerves after long seasons on Broadway. They called it “Arcady.”

Its first settlers were apparently good sturdy stock made up mostly of fishermen and those who go down to the sea in ships. They bore such good Maine names as Brackett, Trott, Waite, Woodbury, Parsons, Sterling, Jones, Trefethen, Welch and others, and their many descendants, with a strong pride of possession, still cling with affection to the island. As a matter of fact, only a few years ago some island land changed hands after being in the possession of one family since the days of Indian occupation.

Enthusiastic visitors to the island today speak of the exhilarating effects of its ozone atmosphere and the ro-



mance of its sylvan dells and rocks. Well, there must have been something equally exhilarating too about its atmosphere even in the early days, for the history books record the amazing statement of one George Mitton, the first owner of the island, and a distant relative of our own Tom Reed, by the way. Mitton was fishing off the rocks one day when a merman or sea monster, friendly-like, tried to clamber aboard his boat. Whereupon Mitton drew his trusty hatchet and chopped off its finny hands and the creature sank to the bottom, after dyeing the sea red with its blood.

And what could be more startling and perfectly wonderful than the claim made in all seriousness by John Josselyn, a brother of Maine's first Lord Chief Justice, that he had actually seen a gigantic sea serpent sunning itself on the rocks. However, non-romantic historians suggest that John was a little too fond of a certain Maine beverage, a mixture of rum and hard cider, and that the wonder is that he had not seen a whole flock of such monsters.

As a popular summer picnic ground Peaks dates back to the early 1830's, when definite arrangements were made to entertain the summer boarders. Open-air bowling alleys were set up and from that day to this, as one observer puts it, "the thunder of balls and the clatter of falling pins have mingled with the sound of waves breaking on its rocky shores." Hardy citizens of Portland thought nothing of rowing to the island in cockleshell skiffs and in severe winters, sleighing across the ice. A popular mode of travel was in the old-style type of craft known as the chebacco boat, a two-masted affair without head-sails.

But travel to the island reached its pinnacle of thrills when Captain Seward Porter launched the *Kennebec* in 1822. Even though she was nothing more than an old hull with an imperfect engine installed in her, it was a great

novelty to go to Peaks without sail or oars. Deepwater sailors snorted their utter contempt at this strange contraption and nicknamed her the "ground hog," due to the fact that she was too frequently in trouble. For it was no uncommon occurrence, when the faulty engine refused to buck tide and wind, for the passengers themselves to assist by treading the outside paddle wheels. Not at all dismayed by criticism, the owners loudly proclaimed its triumph in the following poetical blast:

*A fig for all your clumsy craft,  
Your pleasure boats and packets  
The steamboat lands you safe and soon,  
At Mansfields, Trotts, and Bracketts.*

The pioneer of the modern summer resort business on the island seems to have been William Jones, who in 1850, transformed his homestead into a reception place for guests and served shore dinners. This was the first modern summer hotel not only on Peaks, but on any island in Casco Bay. Henry Brackett soon followed Jones' example with what he called "The Retreat" and with the opening of the Grand Trunk Railroad terminal in Portland came the army of summer throngs from our good neighbor Canada. They are still loyal lovers of the island even if in diminished numbers.

This onrush of the tourist business called for a revolution in transportation methods and in 1851, Horatio G. Cook launched the *Antelope*, the first of many of those queer-shaped wheelbarrow boats, that churned the waters of Casco Bay into foam as they made their way from the city to their destination. But of all the Bay pleasure craft there is none that has so much interest for old Portlanders, perhaps, as the ancient *Gazelle*. Many venerable citizens of today, recklessly but joyously, trusted their life to her, as did their children after them. But the



old craft seemed to bear a charmed life. The storms and the fog treated her kindly but the fire fiend seemed to bear a continual grudge against her and did its utmost to destroy her. She gallantly withstood all these attempts however; in fact, she lived to be rebuilt and renamed the *Forest City*, and finally succumbed to honorable old age. When the stately *Pilgrim*, the first screw-propelled steamer arrived here from the Great Lakes, she was considered a wonderfully big boat, but like the *Casco*, the *Cadet*, the *Clinton*, the *Express*, the *Minnehaha* and others, she too has long since disappeared into the limbo of forgotten things, leaving but a pleasant memory.

One can hardly muse on old-time Peaks without calling to memory the barrel-shaped building that was once the Forest City Skating Rink and later transformed into the beautiful little theater, the "Gem." Beyond was the famous Greenwood Park, a sort of miniature Coney Island, in the days of the glamorous 1880's and 1890's. There were no autos then to attract patrons away from the island resorts and Peaks was in its heyday. Throughout the summer season free vaudeville was given in the open air with such acts as the "marvellously trained" dogs of "Professor" Carlyle, the European Musical Clowns, fancy bicycle acts, and "Prince" Leo making his daily fearsome balloon ascent 1,000 feet into the heavens, before leaping in a death-defying parachute drop. He never managed to miss the island entirely, no matter how treacherous the winds.

And then there were the roller polo games, boat carnivals, marine parades with gaily decorated ship floats. But the very thrill of thrills, was the unique exhibition of actually walking on the surface of the ocean by "Professor" Oldwie. It took place each day along the waterfront and was witnessed by immense crowds on the beaches. The professor had what appeared to be two miniature boats



attached to his feet and in this way would ski along the watertop.

The day's festivities would usually end with an elaborate display of fireworks, the special feature being a miniature naval battle. A few toy ships were anchored off shore representing an enemy fleet with an American ship defending the island. The Professor would touch off the fuses in each of the craft and then the fun would begin. Shots would fly in every direction, the affair ending with the complete destruction of the enemy, with the American ship, of course, the victor. It was all cleverly done with fireworks, but it made a mighty interesting and spectacular entertainment.

And in the old pavilion the Portland-born actor-manager, Bart McCullum, held sway each summer season, bringing to theater lovers many actors and actresses that later were to become more or less famous on Broadway. "Mac," as everybody called him was known in theater parlance as a "good picker" which was very evident, not only in the excellent shows and casts he produced but in his choice of a wife, the stately and talented Florence Hamilton, who was his leading lady. Those were the palmy days when thousands of drama lovers were transported to Peaks by members of the old bay fleet, *Forest City*, *S. S. Spring*, *Greenwood*, *Emita* and *Forest Queen*.

Despite competition from the Forest City Rink which offered Welcome's Band for the dancing and skating enjoyment of the young blades and their sweeties; and the opposition of the Greenwood Opera House which gave light musical shows; McCullum did a "land office business" each season. For the sum of twenty-five cents, one could purchase a round-trip ticket on the boat and a ticket to the show, and for the bloated rich there were the more expensive seats. To ensure the comforts of its patrons during warm evenings, the canvas sides of the

rather crude structure were rolled up to permit the wafting of cooling breezes off the ocean. As a further inducement glasses of refreshing cool water were frequently passed through perspiring audiences.

Old Portlanders still wax sentimental over the stellar performances of such stars as Amelia Bingham, Ada Lewis, Charlotte Hunt, William Pascoe, Edward Morgan, William Canfield, Jimmy Horne, Joseph Callahan and many others brought to the island under the banner of Manager McCullum. Among the plays given were the popular favorites, *Two Orphans*, *The Midnight Express*, *The Mail Girl*, *London by Night*, *All the Comforts of Home*, *Woman Against Woman*, and a long list of Broadway successes.

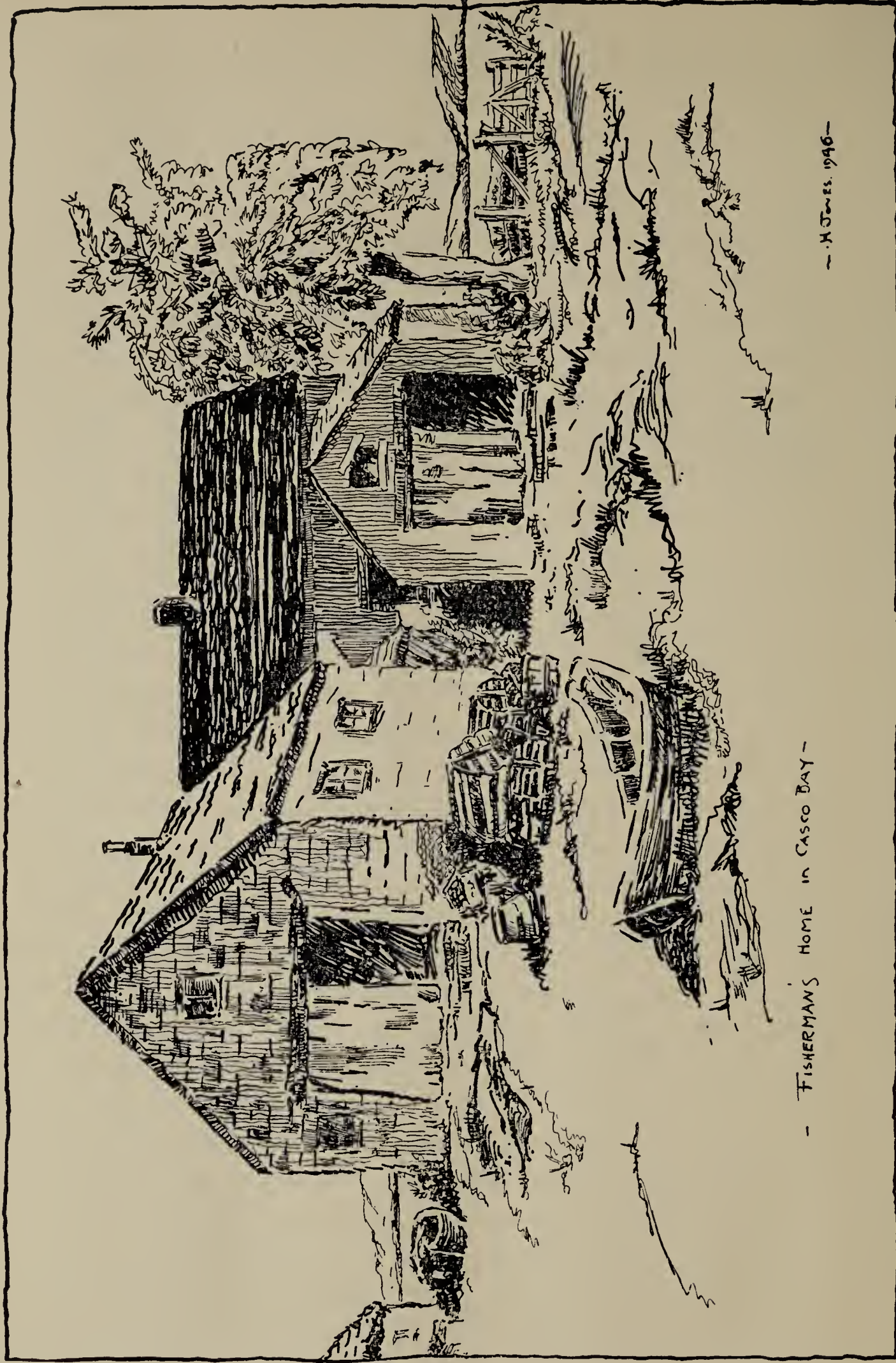
During the stirring days of the Spanish-American War, Charles W. T. Goding, manager of the steamboat company, transformed the old Forest City Rink into the attractive Gem Theater with Byron Douglas as actor-manager. The genial Bart McCullum, in the meantime, had transferred his affections to Cape Elizabeth with the opening of the sumptuous Cape Cottage Theater, with a company composed of practically all the old-time Peaks Island favorites. However, the career of the new Gem was successful from the start. It opened on 6 June 1898 with Sardou's masterpiece *Diplomacy*, with an excellent cast that included Lansing Rowan, leading lady, Francis Byrne, Robert Lowe, Scott Cooper, T. Lester Wallack, Virginia Johnson, Agnes Procter, Myrtle May, and Blanche Hall.

Some years ago the noted old-time actor "Bob" Conness reappeared as guest leading man with a group of stock players in Greenwood Park — but a stone's throw from the scene of his many earlier triumphs. He and Jane Kennard were playing the leads at the Gem when that little theater was in the heyday of its career, when its opening

and closing nights were among the most brilliant social functions of the year. Associated with these two stars at various times were Bertha Creighton, Charles Stanley, Edward Poland, Josephine Sherwood, and the wife of Conness, Helen Strickland, who died several years ago.

Like John Ford, the noted motion picture director who rejoices in the unofficial title of "Mayor of Peaks," and who maintains a summer home on the island, old-time islanders are never happier than when recalling memories of the good old days, when there was always something doing on old Peaks, at a time when "Maw" and "Paw" were young.





- FISHERMAN'S HOME IN CASCO BAY -

- H. JONES. 1946 -

# Cousins and Littlejohn's — the Isles of Longevity

*'Twas therefore said by ancient sages  
That love of life increased with years*

**I**F you fain would be blessed with the attributes of longevity and bonny health, you should in all good reason, seek to habitate on the pleasurable island of Cousins, for if report be true, in the waters adjacent to it lies the famous "Fountain of Youth" spring which has practised its revivifying virtues for centuries.

There is extant a yellow parchment dated 1736 that calls attention to a marvellous spring in this locality, that flows directly from the mud flats but which is entirely covered when the tide comes in. A spring that will bring youth to those who quaff its precious waters.

This famous spring bubbles forth about a foot high, and it is exposed only for a comparatively short time and its presence never would be suspected. For nigh two centuries native fishermen, lobstermen, hand-liners, and gill-netters from Freeport, Harpswell, Orr's, and Bailey Islands, have come to this place and filled their jugs at the Fountain of Youth, as it is known. It is a fact, according to those who claim to know, that those fortunates who drank its waters have lived to remarkable ages. As a matter of fact, none of these who visited the spring to fill their kegs and jugs thought of slowing down until they were at least eighty. After that, some of them took it a "mite" easier for the next ten or twenty years or so!

Chemical analysis of this remarkable spring water showed it to be highly chalybeate or strongly impregnated with iron. And drinking this water seems also to have built up iron constitutions. Certainly a "man of iron" was old Uncle Charlie Black, one of the best-loved



and most photographed fisherman-characters Casco Bay has ever known, who lived to be ninety-five. He was one of the most avid of the pilgrims who faithfully quaffed this vitæ elixir and who ascribed to its health-giving qualities.

And then there was old Uncle Bill Gilliam who passed on in the "full flower of life" at a hundred and four. He was healthy and in fine fettle, up to the last, and often observed that he was glad he got safely by the first one hundred years because those were the hardest. In all certainty he would have been around today, they say, if he hadn't been the hero of a thrilling rescue of a little girl who fell off the wharf at Orr's Island. He caught cold which developed into pneumonia, and that took him off right in his prime as he had a good start on his second hundred.

Another enthusiastic "pilgrim" at the spring was Capt. Elijah Green who according to island gossip was so aged yet so vigorous, that for a time at least it was thought he might emulate his Biblical namesake; and the well-known and loved Uncle William Henry Sinnett did not pass to his reward until he was nearly ninety.

Intimates of these remarkable examples of longevity will vouch for the fact that they — one and all — drank freely, most of their lives, of this strangely stimulating Fountain of Youth spring, so that to own land on Cousins Island, or in its neighborhood, was a guarantee of long life, which of course had a favorable effect on the price of cottage sites on this popular island.

It must be presumed of course that the original "quaffer" of this longevous liquid was the original settler of the island, John Cousins himself who came to the island in 1645, and after whom the island is named.

He was indeed a crowning example of the invigorating effects of Cousins Island's remarkable environment.



Forty years of age when he became proprietor of the island, he lived there in serene happiness until driven off by the Indians thirty years later, after surviving a fray with the savages and a bad wound in the hand. At the age of eighty he sought refuge and comfort in the arms of an attractive widow in York named Sayward who dressed his injury and took such good care of him that he was enabled to enjoy the good things of life up to the ripe old age of ninety-six! He left her his property in return for her service.

Now the Hamilton family of Chebeague Island have always been famous as a strong, long-lived people, but it is not strange that Roland Hamilton, brother of Ambrose Hamilton, first settler of Chebeague, was stronger and lived to a greater age than any of his contemporaries. For he too fell a fortunate victim to the charms of Cousins Island, and bought a large tract of farm land in 1779, being the first white man to settle down there after the Indian wars were over.

Cousins Island, like most of the populous islands of Casco Bay, has its full measure of bloodstained history, and both Cousins and Littlejohn's Islands have always been closely connected. Even the Indians called them Susquesong and Pemasong respectively, which if they do not mean anything alike certainly have a rhythmic similarity. The early colonists called Cousins, Hog Island, and Littlejohn's, Long Island. John Cousins bought the property in 1645 from Richard Vines who was the agent of Sir Fernando Gorges which then included the two islands.

In 1650, he sold half of the two islands to Richard Bray for £25. This family lived there until they were driven off by the Indian troubles, in which Bray's two sons were killed while trying to rescue their cattle on the islands. In 1679, Richard Bray sold his portion of the islands to George Pearson, a merchant of Boston.

The islands ultimately fell into the possession of a Vines Ellicott although he never had a valid claim on the islands and he in turn mortgaged the property to the Commissioners for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, a strange deal indeed, when one considers that the Indians who "never forgive" could hardly have been in a very receptive mood for conversion.

After the Indian wars both islands remained uninhabited for a considerable period and later great confusion ensued as to ownership of the various islands in the Bay, due to the fact that the chief of the Indians, Robin Hood, had himself given deeds to much of the territory.

The few settlers on Cousins Island who escaped the tomahawk fled to the mainland or to the refuge of island blockhouses. In course of time settlers returned to the island, and at Cornfield Point, at the north end land was cleared and the first crops sown. Game was plentiful here, especially in the spring, when it was customary for the colonists to join in an organized hunt of the wild animals which had crossed over the ice from the mainland, driving them across the island to Cornfield Point where, unable to escape they were easily killed.

A cove adjacent to Cornfield Point has borne the name of Dead Man's Cove since the night, many years ago, when the sea cast ashore at this spot the mangled bodies of three sailors. Not long ago, during the excavation of a cellar on the south end of the island, the skeleton of a man of extremely large stature, with an officer's sword lying across his breast, was uncovered. Both the skeleton and the sword, probably relics of a clash between French and English, were in a fairly good state of preservation due to the dryness of the spot where they were found.

The early timber growth on Cousins Island must have been quite remarkable for James Parker, who visited the



island in 1728, wrote "I have this day seen the 'choisests' timber cut down and sawn into bolts for staves. Transient men came down here in gangs and cut timber from the island. Several vessels were loading this timber. This has been going on all through the winter. It is difficult to conceive of the gigantic size of the trees. They averaged 6' to 8' in diameter and it was not uncommon to be able to turn a pair of yoked oxen around on a stump after the tree had been cut away." Drinkwater Point on Cousins Island perpetuates the family name of Drinkwater, undoubtedly one of the most renowned maritime families in the history of Maine. One of them, John Drinkwater, in addition to two daughters, had nine sons all of whom became masters of vessels. The story is told that one day all nine entered Boston harbor. The officer guarding the fort at the entrance of the harbor became suspicious of a conspiracy upon receiving the report of nine ships all having masters named Drinkwater.

He sent a man to investigate. When learning that all were brothers and all valiant, he invited them to be his guests at a bountiful supper at the fort.

The first Drinkwater, Joseph, and his wife came to Cousins Island about 1734, and it is said that all his children were born in a garrison house which stood in the vicinity of Drinkwater Point. An almost incredible story of adventure and hardship is related in *Old Times in Yarmouth* concerning John Drinkwater who became a mariner early in life. In 1795, when he was thirty years of age he sailed from Boston as mate or supercargo of an American ship bound to Africa to trade with the natives. There was considerable specie on board to be used in trading operations. When they were half-way across the Atlantic the officers and crew mutinied and killed the captain on a bright moonlight night. As none of the mutineers understood navigation they spared Drinkwater's life on account



of his superior knowledge of that branch and compelled him to direct the course of the vessel towards the coast of Africa. For some unknown reason the life of a young man of twenty-two, nephew of the captain, was also spared. Neither threats or flattery however could induce Drinkwater or his companion to promise the mutineers that they would not reveal the murder of the captain. And in consequence they lived in daily fear of being murdered themselves.

At last the ship anchored in a bay on the African coast. The mutineers sent Drinkwater and the young man with two sailors ashore to get a supply of water. They were only moderately successful and while the sailors were filling some of the water casks, it was proposed that the party should separate and go in opposite directions in search of natural springs. Drinkwater and his young friend wandered off together and after some time returned to the shore when to their horror they found the boat and the two sailors gone and the ship with all sails set and standing out to sea. They were then convinced that the mutineers had determined to abandon them.

When they found themselves alone on that desolate coast the boy threw himself down on the ground in agony of grief. Drinkwater urged him to keep up his courage and strength for there was the necessity of traveling towards some settlement where they could find food and shelter.

They then followed the seacoast in a southerly direction subsisting on crabs, fish, etc., sleeping under trees, but on the third day the young man died exhausted and broken hearted. Drinkwater dug a grave and buried him on the seashore where the wild beasts could not devour his remains.

He then pursued his lonely journey through the wilderness keeping as much as possible near the coast in the

hope of sighting a vessel. He sometimes slept on the ground, but when compelled to travel the forests would generally shelter himself before nightfall among the branches of some tall trees where resting in safety he could hear the wild beasts howling as they roamed through the wilderness. Often did he behold their fiery eyes gleaming with baffled rage when they came to the foot of the tree, among whose foliage he lay concealed. He dared not jump across creeks for fear of crocodiles and was often compelled to follow small rivers nearly up to their sources in order to find suitable crossing places.

After some time he saw a native, who when he called to him ran away in great fright. Some weeks later he came across another native who having visited some settlement had become partly civilized. This person supplied him with a kettle, a hatchet and tinder box and told him not to have a fire after sundown. He also advised never to sleep on the ground but always climb the palm trees.

At last after traveling sixteen weeks through wilderness, his clothing in tatters, feet bleeding and sore, he reached the Dutch settlement in Caffraria, south of the Orange River, where extensive rice plantations were cultivated by Kaffir negroes. Here he received hospitality and remained seven months.

On his arrival an old negro woman named Betsy prepared some soup for him and to express her compassion stood behind while he was eating and brushed his hair. She also patted his shoulders and blessed him. While among these people he gained their affection and confidence by assisting them in building a boat, of which art they were quite ignorant.

When at last he felt desirous of proceeding on his journey through the wilderness towards the Cape of Good Hope two Englishmen who had charge assured him that if he could secrete himself in the day they would con-



duct him by night to Cape Town. This was to escape the hostile natives and Dutch settlers.

After he reached Cape Town he shipped as a deck-hand on a slaver named *Portsmouth* from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. But his hopes of reaching home soon were doomed to disappointment for while on the slaver he was impressed and taken on board an English ship on which he was forced to remain three years. Eventually, after many adventures he reached Portland, Maine, and conditions at that time were such that he was forced to walk to his home in Yarmouth. Near midnight he tapped on the window of his wife's bedroom, and answering her query "Who's there?" gave his name. She recognized his voice and rushed from her bed to greet her husband whom she had mourned for seven years as dead. His health broken by privations and hardships, he died shortly afterwards at the early age of forty-three.

Cousins Island of today sparkles each summer with a sprightly colony of cottagers from far-off places. And, too, there can be found aged islanders who have spent their span of life there, far beyond the allotted years in serenity and content, apparently without the help of the fabulous "Fountain of Life" spring. Indeed, one young-old lady of eighty thereabouts vigorously denied that there was ever such a spring. "Anyway," she continued "it couldn't beat our spring back of the barn there . . . it was there in Grandpa's day and his Grandpa before him I guess. And it don't come from no mud flats either. I ain't ever heard of any spring like you mention. You've been listening to those fishermen's yarns on Orr's — that's what!"

And thus, Alas! another pleasant legend is demolished — cast into the limbo of forgotten things, in company with the lost island of Atlantis, and the fabled jewelled city of Norumbega which is said to have once graced the banks of the Penobscot.



LITTLEJOHN'S ISLAND is but a modest little affair, hardly a mile in length, yet it occupies a place, unique perhaps, among all islands in Casco Bay; for seemingly a plethora of mystery surrounds its early origins that if baffling of solution, is most intriguing to say the least.

Who was its first pioneer settler? Whence came its name? Nobody seems to know for a certainty which must indeed be a most annoying and gloomy matter to the historical purist, who loudly insists that "facts and only facts shall prevail" no matter how dull pure facts may be. Perhaps, like the familiar Topsy, "she just grow'd up!"

We do know however that the island received its name of Littlejohn's as early as 1732, as shown by a deed to Samuel Bucknam of North Yarmouth from its owner, Samuel White of Boston. But the name Littlejohn's is spelled in two separate words — Little John's Island. One of Maine's earliest historians, Williamson, also used the same form of spelling, and very evidently Little John's Island was in common usage up to fairly modern times when the one word name began to be used regularly.

Yet there is no record of anyone by that name living on the island during the first century or so from whom its name might be derived, although curiously enough, a woman by the name of Littlejohn died on the island in 1862. One local historian rather hesitatingly offers the suggestion that the island was named Little John's Island by John Cousins, the original owner of both Cousins and Littlejohn's, giving it his christian name to distinguish one island from the other as in those days both islands were regarded as a single property.

Like most of the other islands in Casco Bay the island has been known by several names and has changed ownership many times. Its first original name Pemasong came from the Indians, then Hog, Cousins, Long, Little John's and finally its present name. Among its earliest settlers

were the Soules, Bakers, Hills, Cleaves, Drinkwaters, Hamilton who came from Chebeague Island, Pettengell, Bibber, and Cummings. Eben Cleaves of the family by that name was a carpenter who built many of the old houses still standing on Cousins and Littlejohn's.

On the western end of the island adjacent to the Soule holdings was an old Indian camping ground with its numerous shell heaps. Many interesting Indian relics have been discovered here. The wooden bridge connecting Littlejohn's with its neighbor Cousins was originally built by two men, Newell and Batchelder who received payment for same partly in cash and the balance in valuable timber from the island. There is a suggestion too that the early inhabitants of Littlejohn's had no occasion to visit the "famous fountain" spring as they claim to have had one of their own — a stream of pure fresh water which enters the salt water at high tide on the south side of the island. It was familiar for more than a century as "Little John's drinking place."

At one time the island could boast of a small shipbuilding industry with two shipyards, one near Sandy Point, and the other near Birch Point, building fishing sloops and small craft. Apparently however, there was no timber available for the building of a meeting-house for when the visiting parson came to the island he was forced to hold his services at the residence of some citizen after which baptisms were performed. For their education the children were sent to Cousins Island or to the mainland.

In 1836, most of the property owners of Littlejohn's, as did many on other islands in the Bay, sold "mining privileges" to the Portland, Scarborough and Phippsburg Mining Company, with avid dreams of getting rich quick. They were to get royalties on anything mined on the islands, but, as so often happens, all they got out of the venture was an important-looking descriptive document!

The natural aspect of Littlejohn's is more rocky and rugged than most islands and for that reason did not attract many permanent settlers. As late as 1839, there were but two inhabited houses on the island, but in 1893, there came a radical change in the life of the island. Gilbert Hamilton sold his holdings to the Atlantic Improvement Company of Massachusetts who laid out choice lots and built a number of summer cottages in addition to a small summer hotel. Thus the island changed from a peaceful farming and fishing spot to a bustling summer resort. All that changes abruptly however with the approach of the first frost and winter gales, for during the long lonely winter no one lives on Littlejohn's, and only two or three families remain on Cousins Island.





## Great Diamond—The Isle that was a Hog

IT does seem to us now, in these days of artistic appreciation, almost a desecration that so unique and beautiful an example of nature's grandeur, as the island of Great Diamond should have suffered for more than two centuries, the opprobrious appellation of Hog Island. For here is a veritable paradise of scenic loveliness, an island of nearly four hundred acres offering a surface variety of forest growth mingled in the most charming fashion.

Sturdy oaks send out huge branches in every direction; magnificent beeches, stout of girth, with wide-spreading branches, bear on their stems the romantic initials of generations of happy picnickers; and over all pervades the incense-freighted atmosphere of pine, hemlock, cedar, and basswood. Then there is Diamond Cove, a pleasure resort of the citizens of Portland for nearly two centuries, which splits the island in two, creating a deep chasm between two high wooded walls richly festooned with many colored mosses and forest growth. One might truly fancy himself in the midst of the White Mountains.

Most certainly, Great Diamond, from its name alone should take first place in the diadem of island gems in Casco Bay.

But then it is very evident that our forefathers were not moved too much by scenic beauty when they named it Hog Island. They were guided by utilitarian instincts rather than artistic, for the island was so named because it afforded a good place to raise hogs! The bountiful supply of springs and the quantity of decayed fish scrap cast aside by the fishermen provided the feed. In the early days the whole of the Maine coast was dotted with islands which were then named Hog where hogs — which by the way

were the first domesticated animals introduced by the early settlers — were turned loose for greater security from the depredations of the Indians and attack from wolves which then were very plentiful. In fact as late as 1920 a timber wolf was shot in the vicinity of Bluehill!

The farmers transported their hogs and sheep in ancient "Chebaco" or pinky-shaped boats which were so staunchly constructed that many Yankee shipmasters, if given the choice, would rather have taken a "Chebaco" boat around Cape Horn than the frail 2000-ton clipper ship. That all was not "sweetness and light" however in this fashion of pasturing swine on the islands, is very evident from an early court order to satisfy a complaint. A farmer was ordered to remove all hogs *and women* from an island within twenty days. History relates however that the hogs went but the women stayed!

The earliest mention of Diamond Island, or to give it its first name "Hogg Island" that occurs in the annals of Casco Bay's history, was in the lease for two thousand years given in 1635, by Sir Fernando Gorges to George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, which among other tracts of land conveyed "one island adjacent to the said premises called or known by the name of Hogg Island." George Cleeve, who with Tucker settled Portland in 1633, had pastured his hogs on the island long before that but did not live there himself. Thus Diamond Island ranks among the earliest settled portions of our territory.

There is an old chart dated 1760, showing farm buildings on the south side of the island and today one can view the ancient remains of old apple trees and a small graveyard with some unmarked stones, all that is left of perhaps the earliest community in this part of the state.

In 1658, Cleeves sold the island to Thomas Kimball, a merchant of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who in 1663 sold it for £25 to Edward Tyng of Boston. No distinction was



made in the early days between Great Diamond and Little Diamond, until it was mentioned in the deed granted to Edward Tyng. From the latter occupant it passed through the hands of several proprietors until in 1743, Ephraim Jones and James Gooding sold their interests to Deacon James Milk of Falmouth, now Portland. Milk Street in Portland is named after him. In 1762, the Deacon, already the father of five children by his first wife, married the widow Deering of Kittery, who brought him the large dowry of eleven children.

The Deacon died in 1772, and Hog Island was divided among his large family, ultimately falling into the hands of Nathaniel Deering, a well-known poet and "man-about-town." After his death it came into possession of his two children, James and Mary. Mary married the famous Commodore Edward Preble, the hero of the Tripoli pirate campaign, and the property fell to the heirs of the Deering, Preble, and Fessenden families of Portland.

Up to this period of Great Diamond's history much of the tillable portion of the island had been devoted to the growing of hay which was gathered in season, and sold to the farmers at the hay market in Portland. It was inconceivable, of course, that so lovely a spot as Great Diamond would remain for ever a hay farm, or the perennial home of hogs, and a few itinerant fishermen. Its close proximity to the city, and its desirability as an ideal place for summer cottages attracted the attention of an E. G. P. Smith of Portland, who in 1882 gathered around him a very carefully selected association of local citizens. He convinced them of the wisdom of taking an option on about two hundred and fifteen acres with a view to selling lots and building handsome summer homes. The prime purpose was to secure for its members desirable seaside residences free from objectionable contacts. The option was for two

months to give time for Smith to raise the amount involved which amounted to nearly \$20,000, a considerable sum in those days. While Smith had sold some subscriptions, unfortunately he hadn't expected that the owners would be quite so abrupt in their transactions, for they gave him only a day and a half to complete the deal without any established organization.

The whole affair ended satisfactorily however with the formation in 1882 of the "Diamond Island Association" with Smith as its first president and in the spring of 1883, six stockholders built their cottages on their lots as follows: Seth L. Larrabee, James P. Baxter, Edward H. Elwell, S. L. Lyford, H. W. Noyes, and J. H. Johnson. Each year additional cottages were built until in 1890 the total reached sixty-one giving a summer population on the Association land of about three hundred people.

For many years prior to the formation of this Association vigorous efforts had been made by prominent persons interested in the island to have its name changed from Hog to Diamond Island, after Diamond Cove which was so called because of the beautiful quartz crystals found there. But the move was not popular and in some instances vigorously protested. "What was good enough for our fathers ought to be good enough for us," etc. As might be expected this much-fought-over question came up at the first general meeting of the Association, and the battle for Diamond Island was not finally won until a woman got up and loudly announced that she was "sick and tired, to say nothing of being insulted, of having bundles delivered to her marked 'Mrs: — Great Hog.' "

The island at this time was quite primitive and much had to be done by the Association to make it habitable. It was inaccessible at low tide, except for small boats, so the first job was to lengthen and dredge a channel to the "Farm Landing" on the outer shore, and to build a wharf



four hundred feet long, supplemented by dredging a channel of approach at low tide on the inner shore. A large building was also erected to serve as a restaurant and hall for social gatherings. Water on the island was obtained by pumping by means of windmills the water of numerous springs into a large reservoir and thus distributed through pipes to the cottages on all parts of the island. This water, though reputed pure, was chemically analyzed and announced by the Association as "second to none in the country" despite its warm and rather acrid taste, but most of the cottagers found it expedient to bring their own water until the island was eventually supplied from Portland with Sebago water.

This Association was what might be called a distinctly close corporation, only certain people of "quality" were approached to buy lots which had strict restrictions as to size, style, etc. Only one grocery and provision store was allowed on the island and one farm which supplied the cottages with ice, milk and vegetables. All other trade and mercantile business on the island was prohibited. They even formed their own Diamond Island Transportation Company which operated their own steamer the *Isis* which provided the members of the Association with frequent transportation to and from the island. Thus they were not subjected to "annoyance from objectionable fellow-passengers en route to other islands."

There were no facilities for Sunday worship beyond occasional "sings" at the social-hall which gave rise to the popular saying in those days, that "there was no Sabbath beyond Bug Light!" To glimpse from off-shore the quiet almost somniferous landscape of the Great Diamond Island of today, one would hardly suspect its colorful history of the past. The deep waters in the vicinity of Diamond Cove were once famous as the "ancient anchorage of Hog Island Roads." Here it is believed is where



Captain Christopher Levett, the first white man to explore Casco Bay, anchored his vessel in 1623. The infamous Mowatt, the British Admiral who devastated Portland with shellfire from his six warships in 1775 found here a friendly haven while he reconnoitred the shoreline. And Sir William Phips too with his squadron anchored awhile here on his way to the Louisburg campaign.

Doubtless, Great Diamond's historical moment came when in the summer month of July 1732 a great gathering of two hundred warlike Indians carrying French colors all resplendent in paint and feathers held a conference with the Governor Beleden of Massachusetts. What a magnificent spectacle it must have made!

But the liveliest time unquestionably in the island's long life was the celebrated barbecue held on its shores by some English captains then in the harbor loading meats for the King's Navy. The British had just captured Quebec from the French and they literally "made the welkins ring" in a carousal of festivity such as had never before been seen on the sedate island of Diamond or since.

Many years ago there was an active salt works near the sandbar that at low tide connects Great Diamond with Little Diamond, but the only activity there now is clamming.

In 1900, the United States Government purchased a part of the eastern section which commands Hussey's Sound, one of the waterways leading to Portland Harbor. Here they erected, after considerable delay, the fort named McKinley after the martyred president. Its early armament consisted — so it is said — of a few Civil War muzzle-loaders. This government reservation is somewhat ornamented with a curious wooden tower, which as far back as 1853 was used as a beacon at the end of Portland Breakwater.

On the highest elevation of the island is a familiar landmark: the old summer home of the Portland Club, built about fifty-odd years ago. It was popular for a while, then interest in it among the members waned. It ultimately came into the possession of a family from Massachusetts who used it as a summer residence for many years. A tragic event happened when the two boy members of the family were drowned while sailing in a catboat. Since that unhappy moment the house has been rarely occupied and it is now practically abandoned and in ruins.





## Pond—the Isle of Ghosts

*Many ghosts and forms of fright  
Have started from their graves tonight.*

IT seems incredible indeed, in this day of matter-of-factness, science and progress, that superstition should still flourish, yet most of us, it must be admitted, are subject to its subtle influence, or — how account for the still prevalent belief in myths and the uncanny?

We still worry about living in a room marked thirteen, or undertaking a journey on a Friday. We have a sneaking confidence, too, in the efficacy of horseshoes and lucky charms, while not a few of us expectorate on dice to make them behave. And when we joyously celebrate the revels of Hallowe'en, we are actually perpetuating the pagan custom of warding off the evil eye, as did our primitive ancestors before us.

Ghosts too and “ha’nted” places that mirror the traditions of yesterday have the fascination of the “never-quite-to-be-explained” skeptics, say what they will — and the whole region of Casco Bay is exceptionally rich in ghostlore, for legend has it, that there are three hundred and sixty-five islands in Casco Bay — one for every day of the year and on every one of them a ghost walks!

While these stories may well be all imagination and hearsay, yet there are people to be found — if you are fortunate enough to meet aged islanders — who claim to have seen and heard and met the ghostly actors of these midnight scenes. But you will only learn about these strange tales of eerie happenings if you live on the islands long enough to hear them from island folk, who in turn heard them from their grandfathers.

If you scoff and express doubt in these “doin’s,” go out — they say — and listen, with your ear delicately attuned

to such things, to the anguished voice crying out for help on a lonely reef off storm-lashed Jewell Island.

Or, stand aside on the crest of Long Island for the ghostly sea-captain to pass, wrapped in a full-skirted coat, his gloomy dignity impaired only by the outlines of the trees that show through his transparent coat-tails. And then — if your nerves are still steady — discover that particularly rocky ledge which reaches farthest out to sea off Orr's Island and watch at midnight the two men carrying a heavy chest between them who meet a third man; and listen for the hoarse gasp with which the last comer crumples backward on the rocks.

And too, there is that wretched disembodied soul of the murderer-smuggler Kieff which still stalks the shoreline of Cliff Island. Once upon a time, it is said, there was a well-known native of Cliff Island who had a wondrous tale to tell. That a swarthy foreign-looking person once rowed over to Cliff coming from the direction of Hope Island. He hired a lobsterman to row him to Jewell Island to dig on a spot which he said he could point out. Sure enough they found a heavy iron pot, and when they thumped it, it jingled as if coins were inside. They had no tools with which to pry off the lid, so the stranger sent his helper back to Cliff for the night to fetch tools while he himself remained on guard. The next morning, pot, jingle, and stranger had disappeared!

And there is still the unexplained mystery of the skeleton discovered near the base of Ghost Cliff on Ragged Island which bore every resemblance of once being a Spanish gentleman with red bandana and earrings.

And so it is with all the lovely picturesque islands of Casco Bay — each one has its own yarn to tell, each its own ghostly legend "that knows no understanding." Who can explain, for instance, the periodical and wraith-like apparition of a girl who runs at night across Goose Island



with gore streaming from her nose and throat, except perhaps for the fact that nearby was the scene of a cruel massacre?

Or, the strange phenomenon of a particular patch of white moss which thrives near the spot on which the oldest house on Chebeague Island once stood, that turns blood-red one day in the year. The famous Haunted Cellar on the crest of a hill on that same island, which resounded so with the clanking of heavy chains, sighs and groans, that no family could occupy the place for long, so in the end the house had to be taken down, piece by piece, and set up elsewhere.

Of course, all this may be "old-wives tales" and not really true, yet, then again, it may. Who knows? Certainly murder and smuggling were rife throughout Casco Bay in the days of long ago, and to testify to the actual presence of pirates on its many islands is the irrefutable evidence that buried treasure has been unearthed in the regions of Casco Bay. If there is any doubting Thomas let him make his way to the Museum Room of the Historical Society of Portland, where he will be shown some curious old gold and silver coins, a part of a "pirate's loot" dug up on Richmond Island many years ago.

Among old-time seafaring folk, exposed always as they are to the dread perils of the sea there still persists lingering belief in age-old doctrines and the romance of homespun legends. Village soothsayers still obtain advance notice of weather changes by hanging up a bunch of seaweed, or by testing the thickness of corn husks that are supposed to portend a hard winter. And more or less current too, is the hushed whispered belief that no death in the family can occur unless they have a "warning" and that such a person will not die until the tide ebbs.

Old sailors solemnly declare, too, that the ghosts of ships, like men, haunt the place they once knew, and, if



there is a place anywhere haunted by old ships, surely it must be the waters that surround that romantic length of land that juts out into lower Casco Bay known as Harpswell Neck. Here was the ancient cruising ground of the poet Whittier's *Dead Ship of Harpswell*, a fascinating legend of an unhappy phantom ship, which like a haunting shadow appears at intervals out of the night or dawn only to disappear just as mysteriously. Terrified fisherwives watched for its coming with keenest anxiety, and:

*Old men still walk the Isle of Orrs  
Who tell the date and name,  
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards  
Who hewn her oaken frame.*

It is hard indeed to associate the quiet peaceful environs of lower Casco Bay with traditional and exciting episodes of pirates, buried treasure, and ghostly apparitions. Yet there is Pond Island, which lies nearly a mile south of Orr's Island, a pleasant little bit of an island, but no one seems to live there, at least — for very long. Even city folks who, to quote a fisherman, "have such a darn hankerin' for such places have never invested a dollar there for 'et has always been ha'nted. Why when they built the ol' Capt. Jot house out on the end o' Baileys they went and plastered the rooms with dried mussel shells that was ground up. But them shells came from Pond Island. Why, soon after the Johnsons moved into the house things began poppin' all over the place. The sitherin's and groanin's and poundin's got so, that the ol' Capt.'s missus just couldn't stand it."

And Pond Island too, is famous as the reputed scene of the operations of the mysterious "Acaraza Man" who appeared in Portland about 1801, and who, incredible as it may seem, actually duped a group of that city's most respected citizens into forming a close corporation for the

purpose of making silver out of evening dew. They had been favorably impressed with this suave "professor" who convinced them that he had a guaranteed formula for getting rich quick. So they put up their money with the belief that they had a bonanza. Some of the members of the company were sent to Freeport to gather the dew, that place being selected by the "professor" as the most likely to secure successful results.

The great experiment was carried out in a secret spot on Pond Island, but the first attempt ended in failure. Much disturbed, the professor inquired at what time of night the dew had been gathered and decided that this time it must be harvested at a certain hour of the morning. So the precious moisture was procured under right conditions, and amid the excitement of the stockholders the professor brought the liquid with its mysterious ingredients to a boil. At the precise moment the wizard gave a shout of glee and to the utter amazement of the eager audience as they peered into the steaming vessel, they caught a glimpse of shining metal at the bottom of the kettle.

There was great hubbub of satisfaction and without delay the professor collected his fee for the formula and promptly disappeared. He had cleverly while unobserved dropped some melted Spanish dollars into the pot!

And believe it or not, there was another occasion when some shipowners on Union Wharf in Portland, in all seriousness, caused a lobsterman, John Sylvester, from Bailey Island to be put into a trance with the firm belief that he could lead them to a secret place on Pond Island, where supposed hidden treasure lay. Everyone in the neighborhood knew, or said he knew, that the pirate Lowe had buried three kettles of bar silver and a great chest of gold and jewels taken from the Spanish galleon *Don Pedro del Montclova*, on Pond Island.



She was a treasure ship bound from Mexico to Spain and while off Cape Hatteras an English frigate gave chase to her. She managed to evade her pursuer and took refuge in the lower end of Casco Bay. Then Lowe placed the kettles brim full of treasure into three boats and rowed to the little cove at the northerly end of the island and dropped the booty into an old pond that originally gave the island its name.

The pond is now dry but its bottom and the pasture nearby are marked with deep pits, relics of fruitless treasure-hunting expeditions.

In those days many an otherwise hard-headed fisherman thought it risky business to dig for the mythical treasure of Pirate Lowe unless certain incantations were performed to placate the ghostly guardian. And old-time garrulous mariners of Bailey and Orr's Islands were always ready to regale the unsuspecting visitor or would-be treasure seeker with their graphic tales of Pirate Lowe and his nefarious doin's on Pond Island. How they quarrelled over the loot and killed two of their gang and "chucked" 'em in the pond by the "chist" to keep guard over it.

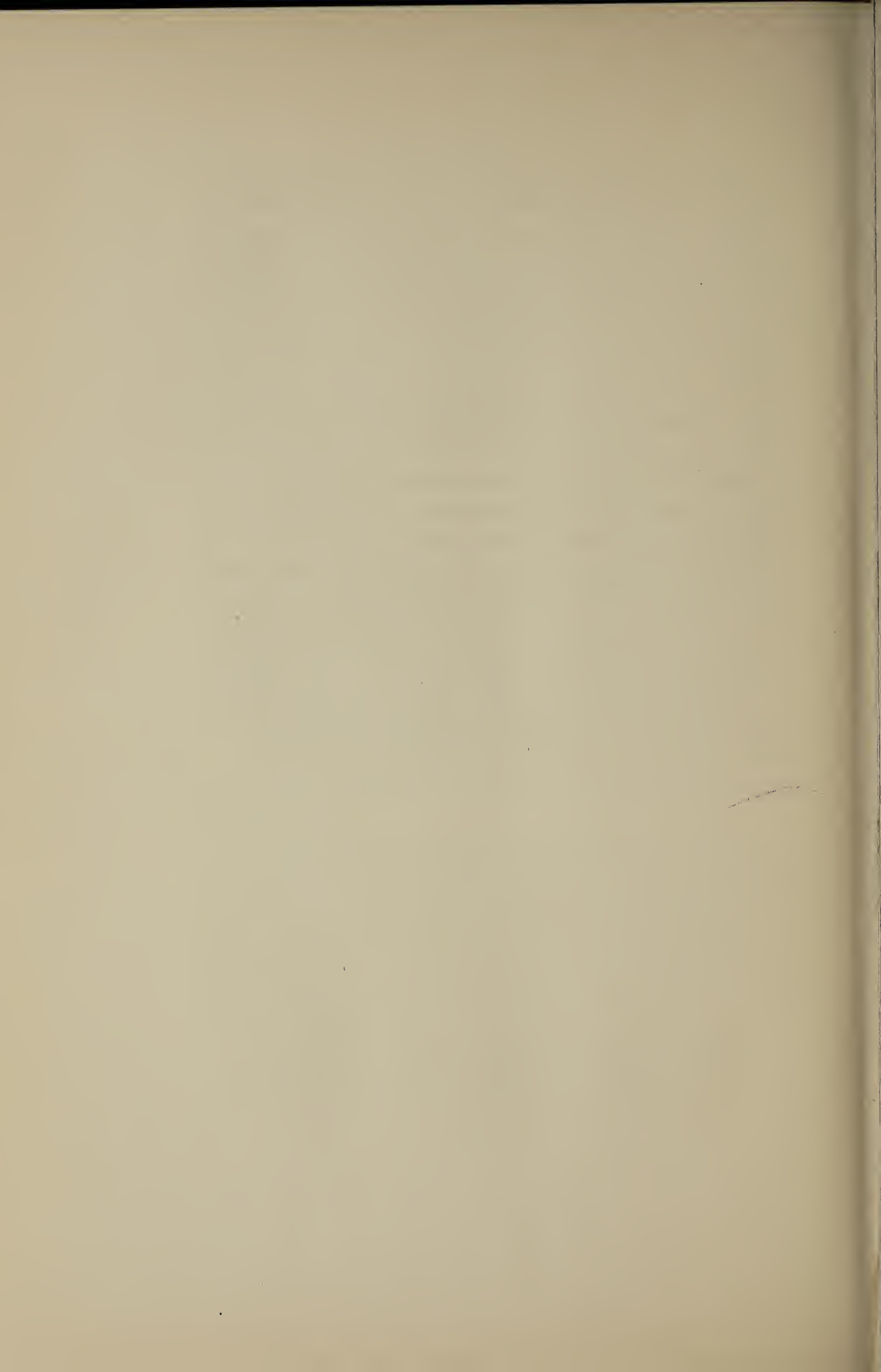
"Nobody has ever dared to live there for any length of time. Heard all kinds of moanin's, groanin's, and blood-curdlin' yells."

"I've seen all with my own eyes mysterious lights bobbin' round there when I knew 'et had bin stormin' so for a week that not a soul could land on that Pond Island. The sperrit-rappers tried to locate the 'chist.' But they didn't get any nearer to 'et than scores of other fools that have hung 'round it until the've dug, pried, and poked inter every inch of the island."

"'Pears like buried gold's allus b'witched. 'Taint fit fer a good Christian t' hev nawthin' t' do with 'et. Et's jest a temtation of the world and the devil, I say."



For twenty years Pond Island was the lonely home of its only occupant John Darling the famous hermit of Harpswell, a ne'er-do-well in his own village so the authorities decided to maroon him on the barren Pond Island. All this time he existed on decayed fish and half-putrid crustaceans cast up by the tides and drank the stagnant brackish water of the ponds without any visible effect on his health. Now and then visitors arrived, curious to see the marooned hermit and frequently from them he received gifts of tobacco and other comforts and luxuries. But for months at a stretch he saw no human being, heard no human voice, and in time he became so accustomed to his solitary existence and so attached to his miserable shack and barren island that it is doubtful if he could have been induced to leave them. At last, one wintry day, duck hunters noticed that no smoke rose from the crude chimney of the shack on Pond Island. Wondering what was wrong they landed to investigate, and found him lying among the filthy rags that he had called a bed — lifeless — frozen as hard as the granite rocks of the island whereon he had been condemned to live and die an exile.



# Long Isle—Isle of Clambakes and Chowders

*O Chowder, monarch of the stews —  
The nation's glory: greatest dish,  
By art conceived and born of fish!*

ONE of the most captivating of all vacations in the Casco Bay region, appealing to both visitor and Portlander alike, is the delightful five-mile sail from the city wharves to pleasant Long Island.

It is the largest of Portland's insular possessions besides being one of the most scenic. The restless surf pounds away against its eastern shoreline, while the landward side of the island presents a magnificent panorama to the spectator. A colorful aspect of the quieter waters and reaches of the long and indented coastline richly landscaped with peaceful farm country all against a background of low-lying hills.

As its name implies, Long Island is long and slender, and excellent roads traverse its odd one thousand acres which actually makes walking as well as motoring a pleasure on the island. Only a few minutes from its ragged shoreline and sandy beaches, sweet-smelling balsam, pine groves, and enchanting little nooks and corners await only to be discovered by enthusiastic devotees to the almost forgotten enjoyment of "shank's mare."

On the south side there is a lovely little land-locked enclosure of a sea estuary with the intriguing foreign nomenclature of Harbor-de-Grace, the origin of which history has failed to record. It is claimed that even in the severest winters this little haven for small boat fishermen never freezes over. It is indeed a veritable artist's dream!

Nearby lies a beautiful crescent beach known as An-



drews Beach, which takes its name from John Andrews, an old-time resident on the island. But to veteran fishermen it is known as the "singing beach." Now, it doesn't really sing, yet it surely makes a lot of odd noises. At times when the wind blows very strongly off the coast, the beach seems to emit weird mournful notes in a minor key. This unusual phenomenon is attributed to the action of loose particles of sand and small pebbles being swept with great velocity over the harder surfaces near the water. It is a strange manifestation, more noticeable at low tide.

It is hardly to be wondered at then that this pleasant spot so accessible to the open sea and the inner sheltered harbor attracted early settlers. That the Indians had a special fondness for this place is shewn by the many prehistoric shell heaps that tell of their summer expeditions, harvesting fish and clams for winter rations.

According to historical records the first pioneer settler was John Sears from Boston who came there in 1640. Very little is known of his occupancy beyond the fact that he lived there until he was summarily removed by the advent of the Indian conflagrations. But the island's first official name was Smith's Island, and it is so designated on an old map published in London, in 1703. Smith, or to give him his full name, John Smith, was a Boston merchant, and he came into possession of the island about that period with ambitious dreams of attracting settlers to develop his island property. But the Indians soon put a stop to that and it was not until Col. Ezekiel Cushing (of Cushing Island fame) acquired it about sixty years later that anyone dared live on the island.

Now this celebrated gentleman, surprising to state, was one of those very rare exceptions in Maine, a poor Yankee trader. In a weak-minded moment he actually traded a large tract of land in the very heart of the city of Portland for what was then a barren island. This has long

been a standing historical joke on the Colonel; he must indeed, lie uneasy in his grave!

As he himself was handsomely located on Cape Elizabeth with a fine summer home on Cushing Island, he sent his brother Ignatius with his family to develop the island. Ignatius Cushing, from whom the present Cushing's Landing derives its name, worked a large farm at the Portland end of the island, but all trace of these operations have long since disappeared.

That the island thrived however, is evident from the fact that when the first census of the islands of Casco Bay was taken in 1830, one hundred and forty-six persons were living there, the largest population of any island in the Bay.

Mention should be made too, of Jedediah Soule, the youngest of three brothers who emigrated to North Yarmouth from Duxbury, Massachusetts. He was born about 1720 and after living in North Yarmouth a while, he settled on Long Island. His descendants comprise more than half of the present number of persons who have borne the familiar name of Soule in Freeport, Maine.

Farming and fishing in season have always been the primary occupations of Long Island inhabitants until the coming of the summer tourist. Fishing is still carried on to a limited degree, quite in contrast to the sturdy picturesque "fishing-fever" days of an earlier Long Island, when practically every able-bodied male from eight to eighty "heard the wild and clear call of the running tide and longed for a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn." Among the most famous of Long Island's fishing clans, and certainly the most appropriately named, was the large family of Doughtys whose name is perpetuated in the name of the steamboat wharf. They were active when "bankers" populated the northern fishing waters long before the days of steam draggers, and their specialty



was the exciting and dangerous business of swordfishing.

But if the fishermen of Long Island were expert at their own craft, they were indeed guileless, if not unwilling victims of another craft equally difficult, if not so dangerous — the fine art of politics! Now Long Island comes under the mantle of Portland's political bailiwick and it was the sworn duty of the ward-heeler to see to it that every Long Islander voted — and voted right!

Time and tide wait for no man, they say, but on one memorable political occasion that time-honored belief was rudely shattered. The wily politician on finding most of his prey on board their fishing boats awaiting a favorable tide, saw to it that a plentiful supply of beer kegs were rolled aboard so that all the crews might be suitably entertained. At the most expeditious moment the crews were led, or if necessary carried, to the poll, and, needless to say, they all to a man voted right!

Long Island has always been a favorite rendezvous with Portlanders for picnic parties and fraternal organizations. In its heyday it could boast of a number of well-remembered hostels such as the "Dirigo House," the "Cushing House," and the larger "Granite Springs Hotel" which successfully operated at the site of a famous medicinal spring. With the destruction of the hotel in 1913, the spring ceased its activity.

Unquestionably however, Long Island's chief bid for fame lies perhaps in the fact that it was long the scene of Maine's most festive occasions, when the clambake and the fish chowder were the chief *pièce de résistance*. It was of course during the arid and dreary era of Maine's prohibition but, shucks! a little matter like that was never allowed to mar the success of any auspicious connubial affair. There was no apparent dearth of the "cup that cheers" if occasion called for it. It was not unusual to serve from two to three thousand people at one clam-



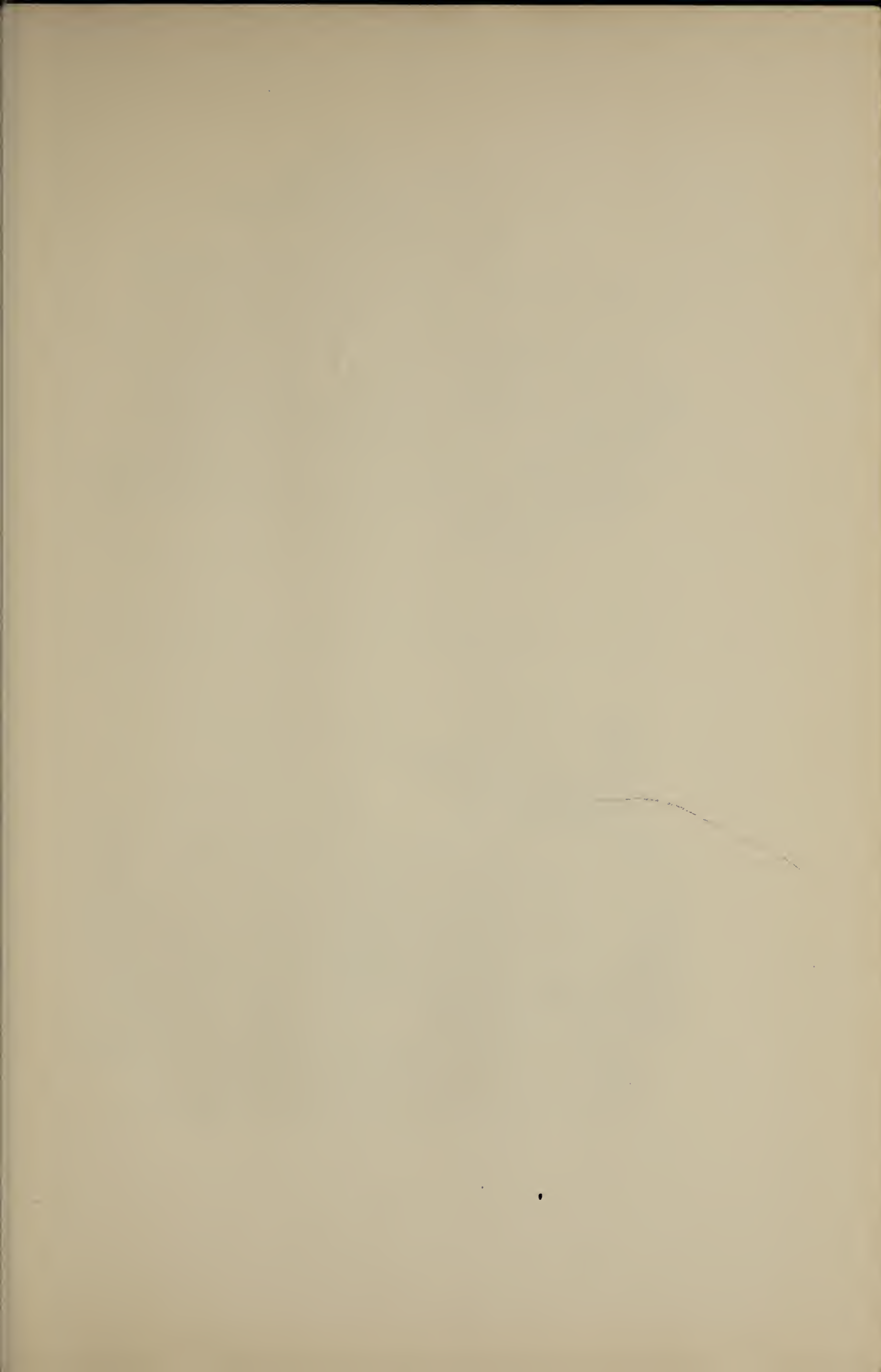
bake. Such an affair was the City of Portland Centennial celebration in 1886, when sixteen cords of wood for the fires were consumed and five hundred bushels of clams! But, as Robert Tristram Coffin declares, "the art of good eating originated in Maine and if you haven't sat in at an old-fashioned clambake, with clams, corn, and potatoes all cooked Indian fashion in the open on hot stones banked with common rock-weed — well, you don't really know what good eating is!"

There is a good deal of controversial chatter about the true art of making a successful clam chowder but there is one cardinal rule always observed by the true Maine host — there must always be too much to eat for the success of the affair depends entirely on making it a feast. Some people put stewed and strained tomatoes into clam chowder, some even toss in odds and ends of any vegetables available, all of which is of course rank heresy in the State of Maine.

For the delectable and popular Maine fish chowder, haddock is favored, because of its firm white flakes but Coffin lets it be known that into his "magic chowder pot" goes only young cod including head, tail and fins! On the contrary Kenneth Roberts the novelist, who found nothing in all the famed food palaces of Europe that even approached the chowder which his grandmother used to make, says she believed in leaving the fishheads and backbones where they belonged — in the barrel at the fish market.

It is a well-established fact, say some chowder authorities, that the early Phoenician, the sailor of the ancient world, was the first to make anything approaching our modern fish chowder. Another generally accepted view is that chowder came to Maine by way of Newfoundland, where it was brought by Brittany fishermen from northern France.

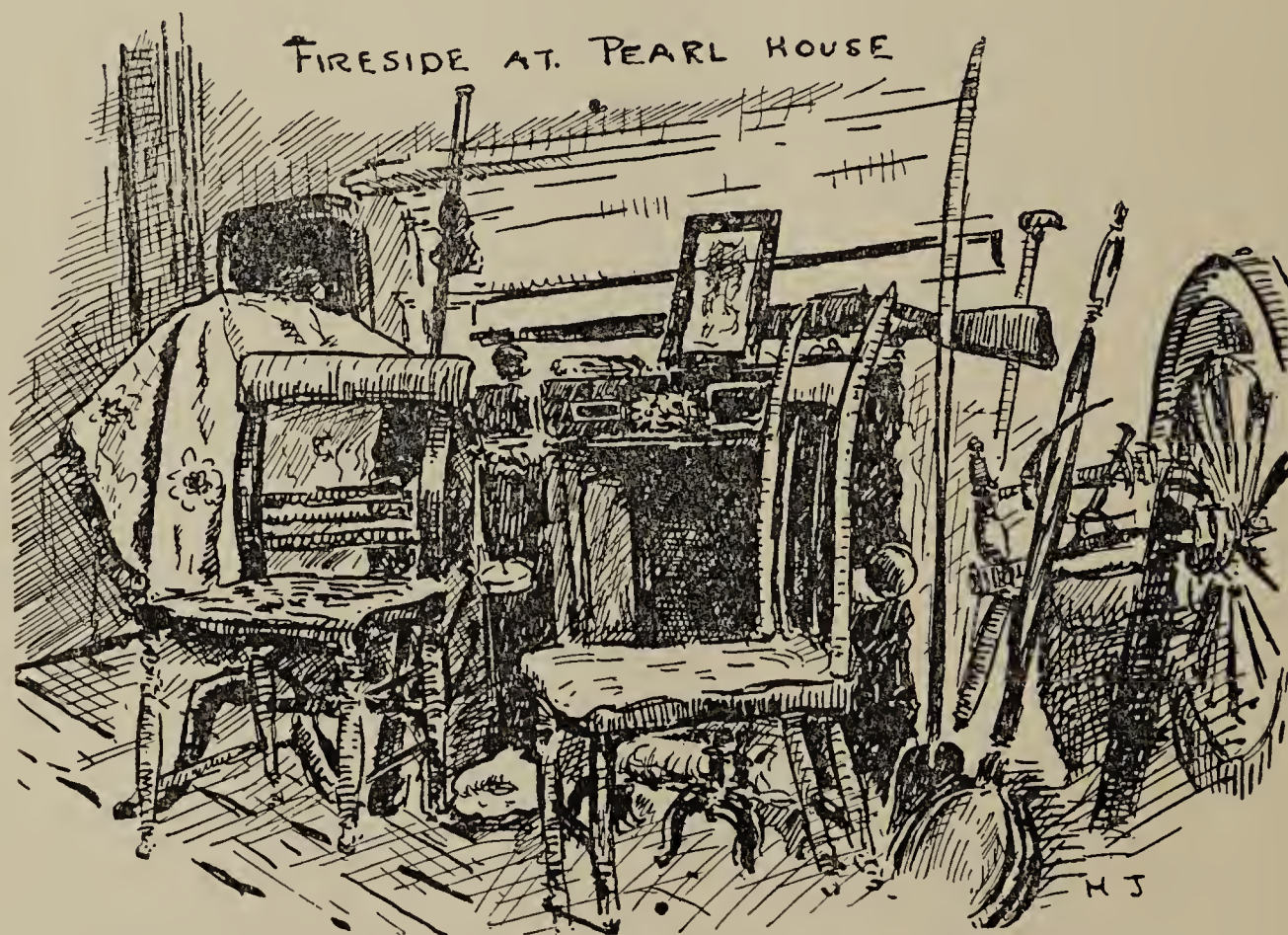
Be all this as it may however, State O'Mainers did much to bring chowder to its present state of perfection and many Maine poets and novelists have been famed for their prowess at the chowder pot. N. P. Willis, Holman Day, Artemus Ward and others have left famous recipes to posterity. But the sandy shores of Long Island no longer harbor the multitudes of clambake enthusiasts as in the past. With the coming of the automobile and the repeal of prohibition the complexion of Long Island's scene has changed materially. The good old days of chowder and clambake banquets, often of Lucullian proportions and, generously embellished with "ambrosial nectar" are now events of the remote dim past. Yet, no doubt, the sweet memory of them, even in retrospect brings a tender tear to the eyes of old-timers who "remember when!"







HOME OF THE PEARL



FIRESIDE AT PEARL HOUSE



## Orr's—the Isle of the "Pearl"

*Isle of enchantment, with its blue-black spruces, its silver firs,  
and more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be  
found on any shore whatever.* (Mrs. Stowe)

FEW of the beauties and unspoiled charms of Casco Bay and her "island daughters" have been left unsung by the poets and the novelists. Indeed with Longfellow, Whittier, Robert Tristram Coffin, Clara Louise Burnham and others as our guides we could easily embark on many a summer jaunt to the various spots in the Bay, so charmingly described, and bewitchingly transformed by the magic alchemy of their pen.

Longfellow's famous poem "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is reputed to be based on one of the major tragedies in the annals of Peaks Island. The little schooner *Helen Eliza* was caught in the great gale of 1869 and was driven ashore in the night and ground to pieces on the island's jutting rocks. Only one member of the crew of twelve was rescued. In Robert Tristram Coffin's autobiographical novel *Lost Paradise* we get a revealing glimpse of early life on a "salt-water" farm on Great Island in the northeast section of the Bay.

The colorful region of Harpswell Neck as it is locally termed is the scene of Clara Louise Burnham's *The Open Shutter*. It is the story of an old mill whose windows had been concealed by heavy shutters for many years. Not long after the book had been published, a great storm struck that part of the island, a tremendous tide undermined the mill at the basin, and suddenly the structure slid off into the sea. As it did so, every shutter opened! The story had come true!

Within sight of the "Neck" out in the Bay is Ragged Island, now the summer home of Edna St. Vincent Millay,

which is the "Elm Island" of Elijah Kellogg's famous stories for boys.

Hardly a section of this romantic coastline in this part of the Bay, hardly an island but what has its wondrous tale, its historical anecdote to tell. Such is the haunting story of Whittier's *Dead Ship of Harpswell*. Legend says that it is a ship of ancient build with tall masts and sails of majestic spread, but her name, her port, her flag, and what harbor she is trying to make no man can tell. Harpswell is her favorite cruising ground —

*As she rounds the headlands' bristling pines,  
She threads the isle-set bay,  
No spur of breeze can speed her on  
Nor ebb of tide delay.*

*For ever comes the ship to port  
Howe'er the breeze may be:  
Just when she nears the waiting shore  
She drifts again to sea.*

But none of Casco Bay's "island daughters" has been so glamorized and publicized as when Harriet Beecher Stowe introduced to her enormous reading public her homely and appealing idyl of the fisherfolk of Orr's Island. Prior to the publication of *Pearl of Orr's Island* in 1862, the island itself was practically isolated and unknown, as removed and remote from the world outside as any unexplored region of the Arctic Circle.

The appearance of the *Pearl* as the people of Orr's often termed it was a literary event to the many thousands of Mrs. Stowe's readers who had devoured her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* published ten years before. And the quaint lives and simple mannerisms of the island folk so vividly described by Mrs. Stowe literally entranced her readers and they "laughed and wept, over the book and became as familiar with its characters — Sally and Moses, the Pen-





CAPN KITTREDGE  
HOMESTEAD

H.J.



THE ROAD TO 'DEVIL'S BACK'



nells and Kittredges, the two aunts Roxey and Ruey, and the 'Pearl' as if all these good people were beloved members of one's own family."

The novel was immensely popular throughout the country and soon large groups of curious "pilgrims" began to visit the scene of the story, scouring the island in search of potential "Pearls"; Cap'n Kittredge; and the locale of the smugglers' cave and its tragic shipwreck; much to the discomfiture and disgust of the islanders themselves who regarded their inquisitive excursions a rude intrusion upon their private lives. "That book" as they contemptuously termed it was met by the elderly and more conservative inhabitants with indignation and strong disapproval. In their opinion the author had not paid them so great a compliment as might be imagined and they wished that a less graphic pen had written the *Pearl* or at least, that the author had chosen another setting for her story of the Maine coast.

It was a matter of fierce pride among some of the island families at the time *not* to have been used as a model for any character in "the book."

"Thar never was no such people as the 'Pearl' or Aunt Roxey or Aunt Ruey on Orr's Island, and they's that claim they's characters in the book or kin to characters in it is fools or worse."

But that of course was before the advent of the tourist business when it was a matter of financial benefit to be able to claim connection with the characters and scenes in the story.

Mrs. Stowe first visited Orr's Island while her husband was a professor at Bowdoin College, and she fell in love with the island and its people. Through her poetical eyes it was an "isle of enchantment with its blue-black spruces, its silver firs, and more varied and singular beauty than can ordinarily be found on any shore whatever."

She boarded six weeks at the home of old Deacon Johnson when they lived in the famous "Pearl House," the home of the heroine of the story. She is remembered by the islanders as a plump pleasant little woman who chatted affably with every one she met meanwhile making voluminous notes in a little black book. But after the appearance of the novel when it became the bone of contention on the island it was the loudly proclaimed boast of the old deacon, who is supposed to be the "Parson Sewell" of the story that he had not and would not read a line in it. According to his belief most of the crimes of the times could be clearly traced to novel reading. The horror which clouded their home when Mrs. Stowe's book appeared can scarcely be imagined. The very house where they had constantly warned the young against evil pathways was made the center of a treacherous novel. When the author's admirers began to come from far and near urging an entrance to the "shrine" as one pilgrim daringly called it and expressed a wish to "lie just a moment where Pearl had slept" the good deacon held up his hands in sturdy refusal. His wife protested just as vigorously, exclaiming in a loud voice: "No such thing as the 'Pearl' ever drew the breath of life. It would be just if God had smitten the writer of the book as did Anak of old!"

Not all the islanders however were quite so intolerant and unfavorably disposed. There was one bluff old gentleman, a really venerable figure who was said by popular report to be the original of "Cap'n Pennell" in the narrative. He lamented that people should come from the West and even as far off as "Canedy" and give themselves unnecessary trouble hunting for caverns and smugglers' coves that never existed, and incidently, cut the bark off his fruit trees for "mementoes."

"You don't want ter inquire too clost," said he, "inter a



good story. It's sartin to spile it." One of the island homespun poets gave vent to his feelings in the local *Harpowell Weekly*.

*"I went to Maine's Orrs Island not many days ago  
I had read two pretty poems and the 'Pearl' by Mrs. Stowe,  
Which filled my heart with longings about the place to row.  
As I landed from the dory I said Oh hush! Oh Hark!"*  
*For I see a fleet of fishers and one poem I did mark;  
But as far as I have travelled I said with smiling lip  
Perhaps one of those vessels is Whittier's Dead Ship —  
Old men upon this island know of her ghostly trip.*  
*"That craft" replied my boatman, "is Skipper Wilson's 'Spray' "*  
*And the Whittiers don't own a thing — not even a scow — this  
way,*  
*You can bet your bottom dollar, for I've lived here many a day.  
Just then a blue-eyed maiden down to the dory ran,  
Bearing a pail of water: thrice drank that old boatman,  
Then said "This is my darter my little Nancy Ann.  
I bowed my head in greeting to this lass of sunny curl  
And remarked "Upon this Island I suppose you know each girl—  
So please now to inform me where dwelt the noble Pearl!"*  
*On her tin pail drummed young Nancy what seemed a funeral  
knell,*  
*Then she told me rather pertly "All the folks here I know well,  
But our Pearls are always cornered in a clam or mussel shell."*

In the "Pearl's" day the little fishing hamlet of Orr's Island consisted of a few descendants of the first settlers, eking a meagre existence from the sea and the land. Living conditions were pretty cheerless with little or no contact with the world outside. There was no postoffice on the island, no hotels, and only one small community meeting-house which by agreement was occupied quarterly by the various religious denominations. The island had one general store and a small fishing wharf, and cov-

ering most of the hillsides were the curious looking lattice-work "flakes" or tables, on which the fishermen dried their fish.

Travelers to and from Brunswick drove their teams over a rickety wooden bridge fashioned by the islanders themselves connecting the island with the mainland. If, however, anyone wanted to visit Bailey Island the only means of transportation was a dory propelled by the stalwart arms of a boatman. There was a small flagpole on the shore and anyone wishing to cross the narrow passage of water, Will's Gut as it is called, signalled the boatman by raising the flag.

The boat fare over to Bailey was fifteen cents but to return to Orr's cost the passengers twenty-five cents, as in the facetious words of the ferryman it was worth the extra "to get away from Bailey's." There was scant opportunity for what the elders called "profane" amusements, dancing and such pleasures, and the limit of social indulgence was regular church going and attendance at the familiar "Sing" a community rendering of Moody & Sankey's revival hymns accompanied by a "cabinet" organ. Apparently the women of the island were the most active participants while the fishermen lounged more or less in the doorway as spectators.

The early historical record of Orr's Island, as is the case in most other islands in the Bay is obscure and the statements of the historians conflicting. It was originally called Little Sebascodegan and it is believed that the first actual occupant of the island was a man by the name of Fitzgerald. But the island takes its name from the brothers Clement and Joseph Orr who in 1748, bought the greater part of the island for two shillings an acre.

The Orr brothers who came from Harpswell, were the first of the family to live on the island. Originally they



had come from the north of Ireland along with the Skol-fields.

Clement Orr made his home on the top of the hill while his brother settled near the present boat landing.

The island at one time was well covered with forest growth of pine and spruce and Joseph Orr early built a sloop of about sixty tons with which he did a flourishing business carrying cordwood to Boston. There is a spot on the island which is still known as Salt Works Shoal so named from the fact that during the Revolutionary War the patriots used to make salt by a process of extraction from seawater.

Nearby the Orr homestead is a little old graveyard with its curious epitaphs in which some of the founders of the early settlement are buried:

*When these lines you see  
Remember you must follow me  
With nerve and sails unfurled,  
She steered her bark for yonder world.  
Her nimble wit and active limbs  
So humane, meek and kind,  
In the dust must be refind.  
Her spirit soared to other worlds  
And in the dust her nerves and sails are unfurled.  
When from the dust I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies  
May this my glory be  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.*

And there are monuments standing in the old burial-ground that bear witness to the perilous life led by the island — men who have gone down to the sea in ships. Now however the sea is not so dangerous, fishing craft are more staunchly built to withstand its terrors, although it still kills enough to keep the women staring across its angry



surface when their men are on it, with hearts that are troubled.

In colonial times it was the fashion to pasture hogs, and sheep on the island and this used to attract wolves and bears from the mainland in search of food. They would make their way across the ice but curiously enough just previous to the breaking up of ice they would always leave for the mainland. It is stated that they never failed to make their removal before the ice broke seeming in this matter to show intelligence. A tragic event on Orr's Island occurred in connection with this. A member of the Wilson family, John, built a log house near what is now called Lovell's Cove. His family consisted of a wife, small son and an old colored woman. One morning in fall of the year he took his gun and left the house to get some meat for his family. The hours passed and he did not return. Late in afternoon his wife heard shots which she knew to be from her husband's gun. Fearing he had been attacked by Indians she took the spare gun and started in direction of shots she had heard. The old colored woman heard much firing until darkness set in, then all was still. In the morning, Wilson and his wife had not returned, and alarmed the colored women took the boy in her master's boat and rowed the short distance across to Great Island and aroused the settlers. The rescue party searched the island for hours in vain when finally, at the foot of a great boulder, they found the skeletons of a man and woman picked clean of flesh. Scattered around the boulder were the carcasses of a dozen or more wolves also picked clean. It was evident that a large pack of wolves had invaded the island and that John Wilson and his wife had held them off as long as they were able.

Orr's Island is probably the best-known island in Casco Bay. Its most cherished landmark is an attractive little white cottage that is tucked away in a protective grove of

evergreens close by the inner shore. In this cottage — it is believed — Harriet Beecher Stowe spent six weeks during the summer of 1852. At that time the house was little more than a rude lean-to just as it was originally built in 1812 by Simeon Orr, great-grandson of the original settler.

But today Mrs. Stowe's novel, which was pure fiction, remains a local legend, and any enthusiastic pilgrim visitor to Orr's Island who endeavors to reconstruct its scenes meets with difficulties.

He may find the "smugglers' cove" pointed out to him on the north end of Long Cove. He may also view an old house nearby reputed to be the one-time home of Aunt Roxey and Aunt Ruey, if blind to the fact that it fails to have the gambrel roof described in the novel.

He will regret too, that nothing now remains of the old white structure which stood near the end of the island facing the open sea. Here Zephaniel Pennell was supposed to live. But there still remains to greet the lover of "things grown old"—the so-called "Kittredge House" of the story. And there is a well-worn footpath near the shore that leads to the famous "Pearl House," a quaint little island gem which has now been restored as a "mecca" in memory of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The name Orr, the pioneers of this lovely island, remains but the land they carved from the shaggy forests now presents a far different aspect, decorated as it is with handsome summer houses and cottages, in many instances owned by people from all parts of the country. And there are tempting comfortable summer island hotels for the convenience and enjoyment of the ever-growing army of tourists who visit the island year after year, and revel in the cuisine of sea-food for which Orr's Island is justly famed.

The sea-trip from Portland Harbor to Orr's by the

little white steamers which ply the waters of Casco Bay is a journey to remember. For the automobilist, too, there are white gleaming highways by which he may reach his destination, be it Orr's or Bailey Island.

In former years it was quite an undertaking to make the trip overland to Orr's. The road was narrow and sandy, rocky and winding, and really dangerous at many points. The descent from Great Island to the wobbly wooden bridge that connected Orr's, and the precipitous ascent of Wilson's Hill constituted the scene of many accidents, when a misstep on the part of the horses or carelessness of the driver, invited sure disaster.

Now all this has been changed. The road while still narrow and steep has been widened and modernized so that motoring down the Harpswell peninsula has become a visual delight. The highway follows the ridge of the island its entire length of four miles commanding a far-reaching view of the eastern end of Casco Bay with its many craggy islands and ever-changing variety of natural scenery.

The pedestrian visitor is not forgotten, for there are delightful walks through "cathedral" woods and along leafed pathways, and from the high grassy-green hillocks the view is superb. Here it was in times gone past, where the fishermen families used to congregate — and still do — watching anxiously, when weather conditions are adverse, for the vessels of the absent ones.

And on a Sabbath morn there still drifts across the waters the soft peal of the bell on old "Parson Sewall's" church in historic Harpswell, as it has for nearly two centuries past. Amid such idyllic surroundings one is ever grateful that a writer's imagination put Orr's Island "on the map" with never-to-be-forgotten charm.









OLD MAN OF CUSHINGS



# Cushing—Isle of the Stone Face

*And the homcoming vessels which long have sped,  
Through tempest, and spray, and foam,  
First catch a glimpse of old White Head  
And are sure they are nearly home.*

OLD White Head — the crowning glory of Cushing Island, whose rugged seam-lined face has looked out to sea day after day, year after year, since the ancient Devonian age, long before the birth of man.

This “old man” of Casco Bay rises almost vertically 150 feet from the ocean like a giant sentinel guarding the approach to the City of Portland. The huge cliff out of which it is hewn is of gaunt-grey granite, scarred and seamed, fighting the mighty forces of the sea that are ever beating and dashing against its sides.

At fleeting moments the sunlit patches of lichen growth seem to soften and relieve the cold hardness of its human countenance, but as the moonbeams flash their rays of pale light over its grim face, it becomes an enrobed vesture of Lincoln-like melancholy as though in sad contemplation. For old White Head has witnessed much during his long and lonely vigil, but like the oriental figure of the East “he sees all, he knows all,” but he says little, except when reminiscing about his island — then he really waxes loquacious!

“I’ve been here on Cushing’s so long now that I wouldn’t be happy anywhere else” he exclaimed. “Besides, where in the whole of Casco Bay is there a better place than where I am right now? That’s what I told Capt. Levett way back in 1623 when he came over from the old country looking for a likely spot to settle down. He wasted a lot of time foolish-like though looking over the rest of the coast before he could make up his mind.

“But he took my advice and built a fine stone house for himself and his crew right over near Cellar Point. He set up a trading post swapping cheap jewelry with the Indians for fine beaver and otter skins.

“Now Levett,” went on the Old Man, “who was the first white man to settle in Casco Bay was a square-shooter in all his dealings with the red men, quite different from most of the other white traders. They used to cheat and defraud them at every opportunity. That’s what caused the Indian wars. Did you ever hear the old Indian saying? ‘If white man deceive Indian once, shame on white man. If white man deceive Indian twice, shame on Indian.’ The Indian chief took a great fancy to Levett and wanted him to come and live with him, even offered him an Indian maid for a wife. But the doughty explorer had a spouse across the water. He took a trip back home to talk things over with her and that was the last ever seen of poor Levett. ‘What the husband proposeth the wife disposeth,’ ” he added with a chuckle.

“Too bad though,” ruminated the Old Man, “for if Levett had stayed on and took ahold of things around here, I bet there’d have been no Indian troubles on Cushing like that bad mess in 1675, when a bunch of frightened settlers from the Neck took refuge here after being attacked.

“Did you know,” his voice rising with feeling, “that one Indian war was started by a mob of drunken white sailors? They were rowing on the Saco River and saw an Indian squaw and her baby in a canoe nearby. They had been told some foolish yarn that Indian youngsters swam from birth by instinct, so they thought they’d test it out as a joke. They overturned the canoe. The woman reached the shore safely but the child was drowned. Unfortunately for them as well as the white settlers on the coast the joke was on them for the child was the son of Squanto, the



leader of the Saco tribe. He took a terrible revenge which touched off the so-called King Philip's War."

And the Old Man was silent for a moment, his seamed face grim and relentless. "But those refugees had a tough time of it here without any food or ammunition to fight off the Indian attacks. For nearly three weeks they had to live on berries and fish. One of their number, George Felt by name, and six others determined to risk a trip to Peaks Island to get some sheep that had been left behind by George Palmer when he escaped to Boston. It was a hazardous undertaking as Indian camps lined the Cape shore and their war canoes patrolled the harbor. They waited for what they thought was a favorable opportunity when everything seemed more quiet than usual, and silently paddled over to the neighboring island. The savages saw them however and allowed them to land, then brutally slaughtered them.

"And say!" ejaculated the Old Man, his lined visage enlivened with the sun's rays, "You should have seen their leader — a fighting parson named George Burroughs who preached in a church on Fore Street. He was just the man for the job, giant stature and fearless. In quiet moments he used to entertain his fellows with feats of strength like lifting a barrel of molasses with his fingers in the bunghole, and holding a seven-foot gun at arm's length with one hand. But he came to a sad ending in the years to come. His very feats of strength were used as evidence against him in the witchcraft days. The Puritans said he got his powers from the Evil One and they hung him on the gallows.

"You wouldn't think it perhaps, but Cushing's has been a favorite spot for treasure seekers since the early days. You can see those deep pits where the fortune-seekers have excavated half the island digging for pirate gold, and there's hardly a summer season goes by without



some enthusiastic visitor goes a-hunting. They have good reason for it too for I have heard it stated by some historians that Maine's only honest-to-goodness pirate Dixey Bull made Cushing's a kind of hideout and actually buried some of his loot on this island. He was pretty active around here in 1632. He sailed boldly into Pemaquid one day, sacked the place, and came away with \$2500 worthy of booty. But none of his stuff has ever been found that I know of. There used to be a popular ditty about him:

*Dixey Bull was a pirate bold,  
He swept our coast in search of gold.*

"Speaking of pirates," went on the Old Man, "Captain Kidd, Dixey Bull, and all the others were not much worse than our own 'land' pirates that used to infest the whole of the Maine coast in the lawless days. Many a Maine captain has declared that he would rather be wrecked anywhere in the world than on the Maine coast. I remember the wreck of the *Grand Turk* a big East India-man from China that went ashore on Cushing's Point on the Cape shore. She was loaded with silks and tea-chests, and for weeks afterwards the shores were lined with a new kind of sea-weed-tea leaves. And in no time a lot of fisher folk for the first time in their lives turned up in the meetinghouses all dressed up in silks and satins just like their betters.

"One time or another every visitor asks me 'How come you call such a lovely island as this by the undecorative title of Cushing Island?' Well, I tell 'em that we are darned lucky they didn't give us the ugly and unflattering name of Hog Island, like they named most of the islands of Casco Bay. Though, to tell you the truth, I can't figure out why they didn't name the island after me considering I'm the oldest and most interesting relic around here. As I remember, the island was first called Andrews

Island after a James Andrews who came into possession about 1667. Then they called it 'Portland Island' and 'Fort Island.' Old Joshua Bangs from Cape Cod liked it so much that he bought it in 1734, and for nearly one hundred and fifty years afterwards all the fishermen and everybody around here called it Bangs Island. During these times life on the island was pretty tough. For instance there were no clocks and other comforts of life. Old Bangs was clever though, he used to measure time by the tides. He would always go down to the shore when he wanted to know the time of the day. With an almanac in his hand he could calculate pretty closely the exact time.

"Ah! but things really began to hum around here when Col. Ezekiel Cushing took over in 1762. There was a fine figure of a man for you! He was the commander of a regiment of the county, the highest military office of the District at the time. On the side he engaged in the profitable West India trade, and consequently had plenty of money. He owned a mansion on the Cape where he kept slaves and lived in fine style. When he built the 'Homestead in the Willows' here he brought real 'quality' to this place. The old house is still around here though it is not much to look at now. But in its day it was something to talk about. Well, for one thing, he always kept a well-stocked cellar, no small attraction in those times, and he was a jovial and liberal host. Old Parson Smith of the First Parish Church was a frequent visitor — he knew what was good for body and soul alike. Like the proverbial mail carrier no weather conditions would hinder him from the good things of life. On one occasion he walked across the ice from Portland not to miss the festive board.

"But bless you! every parson used to indulge in a 'wee drappie' in those strenuous days to fortify himself against the cold unheated meetinghouses. The 'Homestead' was used as a hospital during the War of 1812.



“And there were lively doings around here too during that war. I have to laugh now when I recall the frightened efforts of some Portland élite scrambling for their lives in the direction of Westbrook and Blackstrap to escape the guns of the British frigates which they imagined were lying outside the harbor. Why the Canal Bank took all the gold out of their vaults and hauled it by oxen to the Marrett house in Standish where they buried it in the cellar.

“Of course I had a box seat so to speak for that lively scrap between the Britisher *Boxer* and our ship the *Enterprise*. The battle only lasted twenty-five minutes but by that time both commanders were mortally injured and the *Boxer* badly knocked about and captured.

“Everybody on the islands and the waterfront was singing the old chantey:

*At length you sent your Boxer  
To box us all about,  
But we had an Enterprise brig  
That beat your Boxer out.  
We boxed her up in Portland,  
And moored her off the town,  
To show the sons of liberty  
The Boxer of renown.*

“And one of the strangest sights I ever saw from my exalted position here on the island was a complete frame house a-sailing across the harbor. Even the hardened old-time mariners had to scratch their heads at that one. A resident of Cushing’s decided to emigrate to the big city, so he lashed air-tight casks to the base, got her off the launching ways all right and successfully floated her to the Town Landing. The old house still stands on Fore Street, I guess the oldest structure now existing in Portland. It afterwards became famous all over the world as



'Lord Darrah's sailors' boarding inn' at a time when the Portland waterfront was as rough and tough as any place to be found on the Atlantic seaboard. Many a sailor after a hilarious session at the inn would wake up the next morning, shanghaied and far out to sea on a strange ship. In fact that was the real business of the place, while 'Lord Darrah' operated the inn. And here's a funny one. Later two gentle old maids bought the place and actually served tea and good advice in their efforts to reform the hard-bitten mariners, but that worthy idea didn't last long.

That War of 1812 made life very hard for us here on the island and everywhere in the Bay. But there was a period during that time though when the depressed spirits of the Portland folk were raised considerably, at what you might call a very trying time. That was when the local Privateer, the *Dart*, captured two hundred barrels of very choice old London rum. While she was making for the Cape with her precious cargo she was hard pressed by an English frigate. The *Dart* couldn't fire her guns because the rum casks were piled up on her decks. So when the choice had to be made between the dumping of some of her cargo or the guns to lighten her, well — the rum stayed aboard and the guns went overboard.

"They auctioned off the precious spirit soon afterwards at a safe place out of the city and never before — or since perhaps — was a sale so popular and well attended.

"Yes sir! I've sure seen some funny happenings in these parts since I've been on this perch." With that the Old Man laughed aloud at some remembrance and the whole neighborhood began to tremble with the exuberance of his Falstaffian humor. The myriads of sea birds that are ever nestling around him flew out in noisy protestation adding their cries to the cacophony of sounds that disturbed the whole neighborhood. Then the din subsided and the sea birds gathered around the crest of the Old

Man like a white canopy — which by the way accounts for the origin of his name, White Head.

“Yes sir! that was really funny when the Prince of Wales came here in 1860. He was a good-looking chap of nineteen and the ladies of Portland and Stroudwater were all of a flutter over him. He was wearing the tallest hat I ever saw, a style of ‘topper’ which was quite new in this country. Just as the young prince was about to step in his royal barge to take him to an English battleship lying in the harbor, a well-intentioned but ardent lady admirer threw a large bouquet of flowers at the royal guest. For once in history, a lady’s aim was straight and true and the royal ‘topper’ toppled into the water. Considerably upset, the young prince with the dripping hat between his knees ordered his departure without further delay.

“Now you wouldn’t think” resumed the Old Man after a pause, “that this lovely Island of ours was nothing more than a hayfield and pasture land a hundred years or so ago. That’s why old Jedediah Preble paid \$2300 for it because the land raised good hay which he sold to the farmers up country. And in 1835, when the historian Williamson visited us, we had a few trees and only one fisherman’s family on the Island.

“And now look at us! Don’t think because it’s a bit of a wilderness around my perch that the island’s all like that. Why we’ve got five miles of beautiful shoreline and the best bathing beaches in the Bay. That’s what attracted Lemuel Cushing of Canada to us in 1850, and caused him to put up a hotel for his Canadian friends — at a cost of \$10,000, the ‘Ottawa House’ which was then the finest summer hotel in the neighborhood. Too bad it got burnt out in 1886. But not discouraged, he sold some stock and rebuilt it bigger and better to the tune of \$75,000, a pretty good sum in those days.

“Of course the great attraction was the Canadian bar



and when the 'brass hats' built Fort Levett there was some pretty keen diplomacy displayed in trying to restrain the itching fingers of the gunners at the lanyards, not to fire the guns too often for fear of damage to the ample imported bottled stock of the precious 'amber.'

"Unfortunately expensive overhead and the shortness of the vacation season took its toll, and after struggling along at a financial loss for several years the hotel was sold for the paltry sum of \$16,000.

"The hotel came to an untimely end when it again fell victim to fire in 1917.

"And then our summer cottages are not of the temporary character which usually clutter up most of the islands in the Bay. Designed by the best of architects they consist mostly of stones and shingle and are built to harmonize with the natural surroundings of the island. Most of the cottagers come from Portland and many from Canada and they are proud of their summer homes, with their picturesque surroundings, cool breezes and restful atmosphere. To them it is a seaside paradise.

"That's the way the famous Senator Tom Reed described it in an eloquent tribute orated from the porch of the 'Ottawa House' some years ago: 'Whoever stands here on a clear summer day on this veranda at Cushing Island will find his eyes resting upon a scene which for loveliness and varied beauty has no superior and perhaps no parallel on the broad earth. The long slope of grassy verdure, varied by the darker foliage of the trees spreads wide to the water's edge. Then begins the bright sparkle of the summer sea, that many-twinkling smile of ocean, that countless laughter of the waves which has lighted up the heart of man centuries since Aeschylus died and centuries before he lived. Across the sunlit waters dotted with white sails or seamed with the bubbly foam of steamers' tracks past the wharves bristling with masts and noisy with com-



merce, the gaze falls upon the houses sloping gently upward in the center and becoming more and more embowered with trees as they climb the hills. Altogether a scene which mingles all that is best and brightest of sea and shore.' "

And with that Old White Head, with his shaggy countenance suffused with almost a touch of gentleness, leaned forward from his high perch to receive the first kiss of the dying Phoebus at eventide.

## Sebascogedan — Isle of Tranquility

“TIME is of the essence” was the familiar and oft-repeated catch phrase that dinned our ears during the embattled days of war-madness, but in peaceful vacation days — especially if they are spent in Maine — haste can easily be an enemy of pleasure! And the State of Maine is essentially a pleasure land, where every prospect pleases.

It is not generally known perhaps to the outsider that Maine, geographically speaking, is a large state equal in area to nearly all other New England states combined; and as a happy playground — in summer or winter — or an ideal permanent home for those in the harvest of their lives, it is surely equal to anything of its like in the country.

Its stimulating climate; its thousands of miles of magnificent coastal scenery; its glistening white beaches and almost countless bays and wooded islands, all tempt one to linger long.

Distances in Maine can indeed be deceptive. From old Kittery to the lively modern town of Calais far up on the Canadian border, is only two hundred miles as the crow flies, or to be strictly contemporary, but thirty minutes flying-time. But so indented and “many-harbored” is Maine’s unique coastline that the actual distance by highway is equal, if it were straightened out, to the entire shoreline of the Eastern seaboard. And to know this fascinating highway even by auto is to be its slave!

If you are a victim of an age which idolizes speed, intent — as so many are — in covering the greatest possible mileage each day, stopping only to eat and sleep, you will rejoice in the culinary achievements in Maine food-fare offered by hospitable hostelryes.

But alas; you will miss much of Maine’s essential loveli-

ness, for one must travel slowly if one would get the full flavor of its scenic attraction, for much of its old-time charm and picturesqueness is to be found only along quiet byways that lead off the traffic-thronged speedway waiting to richly reward the leisured wanderer with inclination to explore. Byways, to the true traveler, are often the best-ways!

Of course in each state, as in each country, there is always some fairest spot of all, and if you are intrigued with the deep love of the sea and its islands (and who is not?); if you would glimpse a bit of old New England at its best, you must turn off the traveled highway at Brunswick that leads to the Harpswell peninsula or Harpswell Neck as it is often termed, situated at the lower eastern end of Casco Bay.

Here is a part of the Bay's most rugged terrain steeped in the history and romance of the past. It is the locale of Robert Tristram Coffin's famous autobiographical novel *Lost Paradise*. There is a distinct air of remoteness and tranquillity about this spot that seems to sever it from the busy hum of things, as if the stir of events had passed it by utterly. It is dotted with quaintly named fishing hamlets, whitened Wren-like steeples, straggling saltwater farms of the fisher-folk all framed above with the changing green of the trees, and below, the ever-changing blue of the water. All these things give accent to the landscape and are sharply focused for memory to carry home and cherish!

Nowhere in the State of Maine is there so great a wealth of quaint old custom and a reminiscence of things gone by. While 'tis true legends are fast losing their charm there still lingers in this snug and securely hidden "paradise" the desire to preserve old relics; a rich and inherited knowledge of herbs and "cure-alls"; and a respect for old custom. And on every hand are reminders of the



past in the old houses, which even today impress one with their quiet beauty and substantial comfort.

On the road down the "Neck" to the sea are some historic old churches with the inevitable burying-ground nearby and its interesting and sometimes engaging epitaphs:

*Remember, as I am so you must be,  
Prepare to die and follow me.*

But beneath the last two lines are cut in two more lines

*To follow you I'm not content  
Until I know which way you went.*

And another terse and cryptic inscription:

*I was somebody — who — is no business of yours.*

Harpswell Neck itself consists of a peninsula nine miles in length extending southwestward, with a parallel line of islands on each side. The largest of these is Sebascodegan or more frequently referred to as Great Island, because it happens to be the largest island in Casco Bay. In consequence of its size and close connection with the mainland by the well known Gurnet Bridge it seems but natural to suppose it a part of the mainland, also because of the narrowness of the channels. The automobile highway runs through a growth of pines and highlands and follows the ridges that terminate in the rocky ledges at the southern tip of Bailey Island.

In Indian days the "Neck" was known as Merryconeag, and Sebascodegan Island was Evascohegan, also Sebascodeggin, meaning in Indian: Sebas-low or marshy ground; and Codegan, a place of gun-firing, quite likely signifying a place for fowling as it is a favorite place in the spring and fall for sea birds.

As is true of most islands in the Bay the first settlers on Sebascodegan were squatters, a Francis Small and his

wife who appeared on the scene in 1639. Their child was the first white person to be born on the island. The first legal real estate transaction occurred when Nicholas Shapleigh of Kittery, Maine, purchased the island, presumably from an Indian Sagamore. For a time it was called Shapleigh's Island. The price for the property was "considerable wampum, several guns and a parcel of tobacco." But Shapleigh soon found out that he had made a bad bargain at that, as he was later driven off by Indian troubles.

At one time in its historical career the island fell into the hands of Harvard College, but their tenure was short and in 1733, a William Condry leased the island for an annual rental of "20 good fat geese."

It is interesting to note, that while there was considerable lawlessness and loose living among the islanders they took their religion quite seriously, attending services regularly despite incredible hardships. There was always the peril of hostile Indians, and wild animals, and if in their left hand they carried a Bible, their right grasped a trusted gun loaded and cocked for any emergency.

Church-going often necessitated a trip by water of at least sixteen miles, then a walk over a rough trail for two or three miles more, the mothers carrying their babies. Then an all-day service in a bare, unheated meeting-house fully exposed to wind and weather. There was always a full attendance and would have been despite the two and sixpence fine for non-attendance.

In the early days settlers lived far apart and weeks must have often elapsed without a family seeing any of its neighbors. There were few roads if any except the Indian trails, and almost invariably they settled upon or near a stream which might serve them as a highway. This accounts for the fact that the homes of the pioneers usually fronted the water.



The facilities for education were sparse and school-books very scarce, and teachers likewise. The few teachers there were, however, were important dignitaries with their three-cornered hats, long single-breasted coats — always homemade — with a broad tail, and buckle shoes. They always carried an ivory-headed cane which more often than not was used as a punishing rod for erring pupils.

In 1772, old records of the island show that a ferry to Georgetown was established by order of the Court of Sessions. The fares were priced as follows: three coppers for a man; five for a cow; six for a horse; eight for an ox; and one penny for a pig or sheep. The first bridge that connected Sebascodegan with the mainland was built in 1839, which is now replaced by a more modern structure.

One of the first, if not actually the first hotel to be built in Casco Bay was erected on the island by a Mr. Eastman in 1762. It was mainly a sailors' boarding house and was located on the east side of Cundy's point. It was called the "Green House" on account of its color, and it bore a none too savory reputation. The house however played a very important part in one of the most daring and successful exploits toward the close of the Revolutionary War. Several small British privateers were fond of lurking among the islands and inlets of Casco Bay. They seized any luckless coaster, raided ashore for wood, water, and provisions and miscellaneous loot, and served as tenders to the British frigates. Most detested of all of these bandits was the armed schooner *Picaroon* commanded by a shrewd Scotch skipper named Linnacum. Success often favored his guns and his hard-bitten crew, and success, in Captain Linnacum's opinion, called for fitting celebration ashore at intervals.

The tavern-keeper Eastman came of a well-known Tory family, and his neighbors on the island looked as-



kance at his politics and the riotous conduct of some of his customers, but no slurs were ever cast at the quality of the New England rum and other liquors sold over the "Green House" counter.

The men of Sebascodegan however were determined to stop the marauding practices of this Scotch pirate and began to lay their plans to take the vessel and every Britisher on her. Not many weeks passed when one evening word went around that the *Picaroon* was heading toward Sebascodegan, and the islanders quietly organized a band of thirty vigilantes armed with such guns as they could get and waited until a favorable opportunity arose to put their plans into effect.

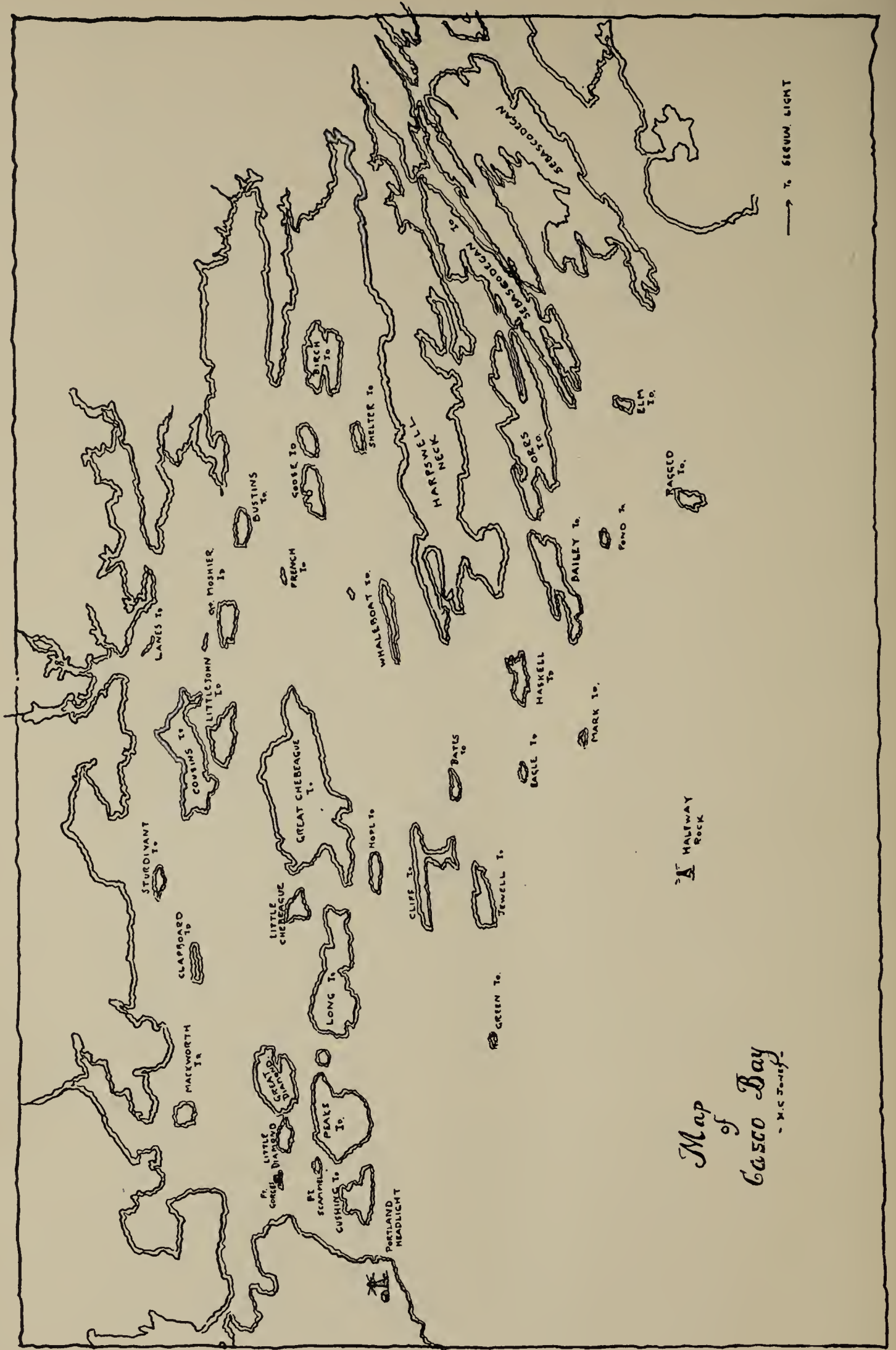
At two o'clock one morning they started in pursuit, in a fourteen-ton schooner, but the *Picaroon* had changed her course and headed out to sea. Despite the greater range of the English guns, Colonel Purington, the leader of the Sebascodegans, felt his men were more than a match for the enemy. Dividing his crew into sections the Colonel ordered them to wait his word and then to rise and fire by sections as rapidly as possible. The American vessel overhauled the Britisher just off Seguin Light and the order was given to "Strike her on the quarter — and hold till I tell you to shoot." The enemy crew were ready enough to fight, taking their foe very lightly, but their captain realized that the Americans meant business.

After the islanders fired their first volley he sung out to his helmsman Shepard warning him not to expose himself.

"I'll be damned if I'll dodge at the flash of a Yankee gun" Shepard answered back. The next instant he fell, shot through the heart. With her helmsman gone the *Picaroon* was at a disadvantage and the well-planned relays of volleys of the American guns worked havoc. When the Sebascodegans boarded the English vessel they found

just two of the enemy in sight, the body of Shepard, and a seaman, who had been shot in the knee. The other seven privateers had gone below and were yelling for quarter.

After making his prize shipshape the Colonel started for Cundy's Point to be greeted by a boisterous welcome. Shepard who was from Halifax was buried decently on a point of land in Cundy's Harbor and to this day that little piece of the island is known as Shepard's Point.



Map  
of  
Casco Bay  
- M.C. 30-117 -

→ N. SEW. LIGHT



## Some Lesser Isles

THE many smaller islands of the Bay abound in pirate lore, Indian legends and stories of struggles between early colonists and the red men, and nearly every island can boast of some unusual feature and exciting history of its own. And all possess in varying degree the rugged and sparkling beauty that so distinguishes their larger contemporaries.

There is for instance the curiously named island, Junk of Pork, which takes its name from its fancied resemblance to a piece of pork; also, according to tradition, that a junk of pork was the price paid for it to the Indians. Many years ago a party landed on this island in search of gulls' eggs. They found two nests of Mother Cary's chickens, the only instance of such nests ever being found on the Maine coast. On the eastern side in 1891, the three-masted schooner *Ada Baker* was wrecked. She had lost her sails in a severe storm and at night struck on the island's reefs. The crew of six men escaped by climbing the foremast which had fallen against the rock.

There is a sinister story connected with this island. Years ago a hermit fisherman with some dogs for company made his home there coming to the mainland regularly for supplies. A particularly hard winter set in with a series of continual storms, which evidently prevented him from making his usual trips. Some two months later, a party went to the island to find out what had happened to him. All they found was some torn clothes and a skeleton of a dog. The gruesome mystery has never been solved and to this day old-time fishermen are disputing the knotty question, whether the man ate the dogs or the dogs ate the man.

Adjacent to this island and far off the beaten track of

excursion craft is Green Island, familiarly known as the "island of gulls," for centuries a breeding place for myriads of sea birds. It is the last outpost of the Casco Bay Islands. It is entirely uninhabited by man, and even hardened lobstermen can only approach it when the wind is right, particularly in the summertime. The grass growth is luxuriant and reaches the height of several feet, and the only man-made structure on the island is a wooden navigation beacon.

Mackworth Island, or more popularly termed "Mackey's Island," one of the inner range of islands, has an unusual and interesting background. According to historians it was long the home of Cocawesco, the Indian Sagamore of Casco. It is located at the mouth of the Presumpscot River which in the past was the traveled highway from Sebago Lake. On an old English chart it is called Mackens Island. Arthur Mackworth, who came to this country in 1631, was a friend of the powerful Gorges who appointed him deputy of the Bay after making him a present of the island. He died in 1657, and was buried on the island.

Mackworth's Island was once owned by an "uncanny" Scot by the name of James Rennie. He was a ventriloquist who practised his tricks on the lobstermen once too often, for they threw him into the Bay for his pains. He built a handsome residence on the island where he and his wife entertained lavishly. Later he got into financial trouble and promptly disappeared and was never heard of afterwards. Since 1888, the island has been owned by the Baxter family whose members include the late James P. Baxter, one-time mayor of Portland, and his son Percival P. Baxter, a former governor of Maine. A wooden bridge — one of the longest in the state — connects the mainland with the island which is now maintained as a handsome summer residence.



One of the prettiest of the lesser islands is Little Diamond Island, at one time a very popular spot for summer residents, before the government took it over as a part-time station for the lighthouse service. It is connected with its larger sister island Great Diamond by a narrow sand spit, which is completely covered at high tide. Likewise, with Little Chebeague which is connected with Great Chebeague and now owned by the United States Navy, who forced the small community of year-round and summer residents to vacate their premises at the beginning of World War II.

The little island near Peaks Island called Punkin Knob is not only most attractive, but it evidently bears a charmed life. For many years it has been an "eyesore" to the prosaic Government of the United States, who at one time contemplated its removal by TNT, as they considered it an obstruction in the navigating of Hussey's Sound. It has managed to survive two wars and still remains to delight the eye.

One of the most famous of all small islands is Eagle Island, often called Peary's Island for it has been the Peary family summer home since 1914. Here it was the Admiral made his detailed plans for the last great expedition to the Arctic. His residence is a treasure-house of trophies from all over the world. It was so named originally because it was formerly an aerie for eagles. Today a huge bronze eagle with widespread wings perches on the parapet of the late Admiral's home as a mark of recognition.

There is no prettier spot for its diminutive size than Bustins' Island, long favored by professional artists and members of the stage. Its first owner sold the island to a William Haynes. Haynes figured prominently in the early records of the Bay when he made a complaint against John Cousins, of Cousins Island. Cousins accused



him of being a common liar. Haynes promptly counter-charged that Cousins was a criminal because "he had played cards on the Sabbath."

Near the tip of Harpswell Neck lies Haskell Island, named for a Captain Haskell, master of a coasting vessel. Not only was this island used as a pasturing land but a large slaughtering business was conducted there and meats prepared for the city markets. A strange event took place on this fertile island about seventy years ago, when it became overrun with rats. An old lobsterman named Humphrey who had built a shack on the shore seemed to live amicably enough with the rats even though they continually stole the fish from his bait barrel. But when winter came on Humphrey's friends warned him of the danger of living alone with only rats for company. Nevertheless he persisted in staying. One day Harpswell fishermen noticed that no smoke was rising from the chimney of the little shack and they could see no one stirring on the island, so they rowed out to investigate. When they opened Humphrey's door they were met by a squealing swarm of rats. Driving them away the men entered the cabin to find that the old lobsterman had been eaten away in his bunk.

Shelter Island in the middle of the Bay, as its name implies, was a place of refuge for the settlers on the mainland when harrassed by Indians. They took refuge in a stout wooden blockhouse erected for that purpose. It is supposed that this island was a haven for smugglers who used its many coves to escape from the custom cutters in the days of privateering.

Then there are several small islands such as Whaleboat, Basket and Horse that derive their names from their fancied shape; and Mark Island which lies near Eagle Island, receives its name from the stone beacon that was built here by the United States Government in 1827. It is

fifty feet high with a twenty-foot room built at the base supposedly intended for shipwrecked mariners at this treacherous part of the lower Bay. It is interesting to note that this marker on Mark Island later served as a model for the memorial erected in the far north to the discoverer of the North Pole, and was presented by Admiral Peary's daughter.

Nearer the shoreline is Great Moshier Island which has changed little since Hugh Moshier, a gallant adventurer, left the artificial life of the English court in the 1640's. Seeking surcease from it all he settled on this little spot where peace is broken only by the booming of white surf on rocky shores and the occasional cry of a gull.

One of the few of the Casco Bay islands to retain its original Indian name is Bombazeen Island at the far eastern end of the Bay. Bombazeen who gave his name to the island made his home here before he was killed in an Indian fracas. The story is told of Granny Young, who went to the island after berries at a time when wolves and bears were prevalent. After filling her basket she started for home using a stave to paddle her small boat. Hearing a noise in the water behind her she turned and saw a large bear swimming after the boat. She plied her awkward paddle as vigorously as she could but the bear overtook her and tried to upset the boat. She fought him with the stave hitting him repeatedly on the nose and head, until he was stunned. She then held his head under water until dead and towed him ashore.

Ragged Island, or Rugged Island as it was once known, belongs to the outermost of the lower Bay group. It is one of the most famous and interesting of all the islands that dot the lower end of the Bay. It is the "Elm Island" of Elijah Kellogg's famous series of boys' stories. The venerable preacher and author, always a great lover of the sea, delighted to sail among the islands of the lower Bay



in his own little catboat which he handled with the skill of a native fisherman. In a southerly or easterly storm it is well-nigh inaccessible. On the westerly shore looms the Devil's Wall with its Ghost Cliff, and all over the island are thick growths of pine, spruce and sweet fern. It is now the summer residence of Edna St. Vincent Millay, the famous Maine poetess.

On Lane's Island is an interesting old Indian burying-ground, and it was once the important site for the Indian councils of war. A John Lane who once lived here was tortured to death as also were his two sons while out hunting for deer meat.

Considerable Indian interest is attached to French's Island in the lower Bay. An Indian skull was found under three feet of clam shells. From its condition it must have been buried three or four centuries ago. In the legend of the island the old Indian Sagamore, Samore, is represented as saying:

*Search here and there the shelly beds,  
You'll find the Jasper arrow heads  
With which I used to pick my teeth;  
And buried further underneath  
You'll find the bones of those who tried  
To eat as much as I — and died.*

An Amazonian type of woman named Jane Bates is given as the first squatter-owner of Bates Island, where she lived all her life. She always dressed in a man's clothing and carried on fishing and clam digging as a means of livelihood. One day her body was washed ashore at Richmond Island where it had been carried by the ocean currents. Strange to say her body was clothed in a bright-colored silk kimona, a garment she was never known to wear — at least nobody ever saw her in it. The ruins of her



old shack are the only reminder that the barren island was once inhabited.

Quite a few of the smaller islands are nameless, with no recorded history attached to them. Yet they too, have an important and integral place in the diadem — the gem-studded Bay of which John Greenleaf Whittier sings so eloquently:

*Where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves, and pebbled beaches  
And green isles of Casco Bay.*



The Isles of Casco Bay *has been printed for the Jones Book Shop by The Southworth-Anthoensen Press, Portland, Maine, in an edition of 2500 copies, June, 1946.*





